

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1889.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6*½*d.

Leaving the Railway Station: The Mayor leading the Princess, and the Prince with the Mayoress.



The Prince declaring the Townhall open.

The Mayor proposing the Health of their Royal Highnesses.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is not often that any book, however humorous in itself, begets humour in those who handle it afresh. Indeed, judging from what we know of "the commentator," it has rather an opposite effect. The lily is painted, but of quite another colour. Nor, again, is a dramatic version of a popular work in literature invariably a satisfactory performance. There is, therefore, all the more reason why we should hail the "cantata" of "Pickwick," written by Mr. Burnand. As to the music by Mr. Solomon, I am told it is "delicious"; but I have not heard it, nor would my opinion upon it be worth the twopence (so freely offered for opinion by the late F. M. the Duke of Wellington) if I had. I have, however (surreptitiously and improperly, it may be, but that only makes early information on anything nowadays more attractive), obtained a sight of the libretto, and the songs are charming. Mrs. Bardell (who finds rhymes to Pickwick with the greatest ease) is wondering what sort of a person she will have for her second husband, and I shall be surprised if her dream of the future, "My next, my next," does not become as popular as the melody it resembles:—

When an' where am I going to meet him?  
Will he come from the land or the sea?  
When I see him, how shall I treat him?  
Well, that depends how he may "treat" me!  
Will he be young, or old, or middling?—  
To choose beforehand I am perplex'd—  
Will he be bold? or his thumbs come twiddling?  
What sort will he be—my Next, my Next?  
Will he walk firmly? or come up hobbling?  
Will he take sugar in his tea?  
Will he be fond of guzzling and gobbling,  
As was the case with Mister B.—?  
He may be in trade, or have a title  
To which there is property annexed.  
Money, of course, is a question vital,  
He must have—sufficient, my Next, my Next.  
Will he be fond of the light fantastic?  
Able to play? likewise to sing?  
Will he be joyous and elastic  
In the rebound of his second spring?  
Will he go shooting, so happy with heather?  
Will he go racing on any pretext?  
Both do "the Derby" and Joan-together?  
He's sure to be lucky, my Next, my Next.  
Will he be bald, or with curling locks on?  
Will he be slim, or stout, or fat?  
Will he be six feet two with his socks on?  
A man "to look up to," no doubt of that.  
Will he be always at home to dinner?  
With what's set before him never be vexed?  
Will he—but there, be he saint or sinner,  
He who speaks first is my Next, my Next.

The recitative between Mr. Pickwick, above stairs, and Mrs. Bardell, below, is a gem:—

Will you oblige me with my gaiters,  
I've packed up my other pairs;  
I'm in a state that's almost Natur's,  
So cannot appear down-stairs.

The choosing of Sam by his master is worth recording, even in prose—"Weller's a nice name; if all's well that ends well, nothing could be better than what ends Weller"; but when he expresses his needs in poetry he finds his way to all hearts—or to all worth speaking of: those who can afford to keep a manservant:—

## THE HAPPY VALET.

A travelling bachelor needs for society  
Someone whose knowledge is marked by variety,  
Valet experienced, famed for sobriety,  
And let his name be John, Robert, or Sam;  
Up in the morning with strict punctuality,  
Never unwell, with the greatest vitality,  
Character free from the slightest rascality:  
There's your exceptional "valet de sham,"  
Genuine valet, not valet de sham.

He must know Bradshaw by heart and his A B C,  
Know how to travel by land and his way by sea,  
Nothing about him you must of the gaby see,  
Honest and bright as a beautiful day.

Hair he must wear of a certain gentility,  
Showing ability by versatility,  
No imbecility, "gen'ral utility,"  
As the theatrical managers say—  
That is the rôle you engage him to play.

Then he must laugh when you're at your funniest,  
Also be solemn when you're at your dummest,  
Cheerful, respectful, when you're at your chummest  
Never presume to take a libertee.

He must be hair-dresser, butler, confectioner,  
Polisher, brusher, and not a mud-speck-shunner,

Carpenter, courier, gamekeeper, lecturer,  
And, on occasion, your secretaire.

The supernatural has hitherto had little to do with English politics. The last occasion was when the gentleman at Falmouth dreamt he saw Mr. Perceval assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons, and wrote to London in advance of the catastrophe, but too late to stop it. But politicians themselves, it seems, are now similarly favoured: a very eminent one has lately seen in a vision two political allies of his addressing a public meeting, in a certain place, of which he had seen no advertisement. What seems to be thought even more extraordinary is that he dreamt the very words that one of them actually uttered. It is quite right and very considerate of the power that has taken this business in hand not to begin with anything very startling; but, on the other hand, if one may say so of the "Begetter of Dreams" (for I will not insult him by supposing him to be Pork Chops), I think he has erred here in the other direction. For the subject of the speech was the Irish Question; and I think, for the last year or two, what would be said upon it, on either side, could have been predicted with considerable accuracy without any intervention of the supernatural.

There is great rejoicing among the enemies of light literature because novel-readers are to be turned out of the British Museum Library; this harmless, but enthusiastic, race is henceforth to be supplied in that institution with no novels under five years old, unless for special reasons, "which must be stated in writing." Five years is a long life for a story-book, and the book may be dead—sold "in remainders" is the technical term for its dissolution—long before then; its mourners may sit on the steps of the Museum, with their heads covered, and weep in vain till the revolving years shall bring round the appointed day for a sight of it. To my mind, it is very touching, and a proof indeed of his devotion to fiction, that any human being should go to Bloomsbury for the

sake of reading a novel in a public room. For my part, I should as soon think of reading one in a public-house. Just as Mr. Swiveller tells us "beer should not be sipped," so should novels be enjoyed in considerable draughts, which again should not be subject to interruption. Slippers and dressing-gown (and, in the case of males, a pipe) are their proper concomitants, and certainly not a crowd of unsympathising strangers devoid of fancy, and employed in disembowelling works of reference. I do not envy the feelings of that librarian who has thus discouraged the pursuit of novels under difficulties. As for his pretence of making exceptions when "special reasons" are given for wanting to read a new one, it is adding insult to injury. How can a reader of delicate mind and of the softer sex explain to such a person in writing that she has read two volumes of an exciting romance, but can't get hold of the third? What would he care about her tender solicitude for the fate of the hero (left bound to a tree with an eagle swooping nearer and nearer to his aquiline nose), or for that of the heroine (shut up, perhaps, in some monastic establishment where liqueurs are not only made but drunk)? On the other hand, if he is a sensible fellow and likes novels, it is aggravating to reflect that the dainties with which he and his myrmidons gorge themselves, and of which they have long had enough, should be denied to applicants from without, and be wasting their sweetness for a lustrum on dusty shelves.

Flagellation in board schools has become quite a topic. "Whether 'tis better that the boy should suffer" this outrageous punishment when all other remedies fail and be licked into shape, or whether we would shrink from the risk of "brutalising" him in his tender youth and let him grow up a firebrand? That is the question. When one remembers the discipline which boys use to one another, it seems hard to imagine that a few strokes with a birch or a cane can injure the moral susceptibilities of a pickle; and, indeed, to hear the arguments of the sentimentalists on the subject makes one wonder if they have ever been boys at all. If it were Etonians we had to deal with, indeed, the matter would be simple enough; but the sons of the Democracy demand delicate handling, the fathers and mothers of our Toms and Dicks being much more "touchy" about the matter than those of our Honourable Algies and Berties.

Even if it is settled that a boy, or some portion of him, is not too sacred a thing to be chastised, there will still remain the great questions of "How?" and "Where?" It is clear that the Eton system will not be tolerated, and, to say truth, it is a little behind the age; I see that "birching on the hands" has been found effectual, and it has certainly novelty to recommend it. The great educator of youth, Mr. Bonnycastle (in "Midshipman Easy"), was, however, a great advocate of the cane. "Observe," he says, "you flog upon a part mostly quiescent; but you cane upon all parts from the head to the feet. When the first sting of the birch is over there is a dull sensation, whereas the effects of the cane are felt on all the parts which are required for muscular action." To do this philosopher justice he only proposes thus to treat obstinate and disobedient boys. "The two strongest impulses in our nature," he continues, "are fear and love. In theory acting upon the latter is very beautiful, but in practice it sometimes fails to answer because our self-love is stronger than our love for others." "And yet," objects his friend, "we have those who would introduce a system of schooling without correction, and who maintain that caning is degrading even to bad boys." "There are a good many fools in the world," returns Mr. Bonnycastle.

Though the most aristocratic of our seminaries has always despised the arguments against the birch, and once even went so far as to charge a guinea for it, whether used or not (which naturally induced the economic youth to get his money's worth), other public schools have retained it only as a last resource. Its infliction was supposed to be disgraceful, and to interfere with "the tone." I remember dining with a headmaster who explained to me that the subject was indeed so painful and delicate that it was never alluded to by his boys among themselves. I bowed assentingly, as a guest should do when his host draws the long bow. An assistant-master at table had, however, the courage to remark, "And yet, Sir, there was a cricket-match last week, if you remember, between an eleven who had been 'swished' and an eleven who had not been 'swished'!" Curtain.

Life in the sick-room has been admirably described by the author of "Deerbrook," but, novelist though she was, there was not much romance in it. It never struck her that a young gentleman of fortune, being a chronic invalid, might run away with his nurse. This I read has, however, actually happened. His family pictured him probably taking pills and potions from the hands of his female attendant without the least temptation to squeeze it; but those medicines have turned out to be the "elixir of love." "They wonder at his vice and not their folly;" but why should they? Of course, no invalid who was not wrong in his head would have dreamt of marrying Mrs. Gamp; but sick nurses are not now of that unattractive sort. They are guardian angels, sometimes young and pretty (though this one, it appears, was "elderly") and their hospital attire is often very becoming. I was once attended by a bright spirit of this kind myself, and if I had not been previously engaged (and more) might easily have associated her with something more desirable than mere convalescence. Natural, however, as the catastrophe may appear now that it has happened, it has caused a great sensation in invalid circles. A "plain nurse" will now probably become as common an advertisement as a "plain cook," though, unlike the latter, it will be addressed only to persons of property. The inmates of our "Nurses' Homes" will be decimated, and no one over a certain standard of beauty retained, except (one hopes) a select contingent to attend to invalids who are Beneditts. One would like to have the particulars of this truly "interesting case"; one can easily understand how pity was the precursor of love on the lady's part; but when was it, I wonder, that the "mixture as before," administered three times a day by her fair hands, began to have an intoxicating effect, and the smoothing of his pillow soothed his heart as well as his "poor head"?

## MUSIC.

The Monday Popular Concert of Jan. 28 brought forward a new sonata for violoncello and pianoforte, by Signor Piatti; the third work of its class from the same hand, and one that may quite compare with its predecessors in suavity and grace of melody, and in its special fitness for the display of that incomparable tone and the finished executive skill as a violoncellist possessed by the composer of the sonata, who was its exponent, in association with Miss F. Davies as pianist, on the occasion now referred to, when each of the three movements of the work pleased greatly. Miss Davies was also heard specially, as a solo performer, in Schumann's "Fantasiestück," Op. 111. Other portions of the instrumental selection were familiar classical pieces; the vocal music having consisted of songs rendered by Miss M. Hall. At the afternoon concert of the previous Saturday, Madame Néruda was the leading violinist, as at the evening concert above referred to; Mdlle. Janotta having been the pianist, and Mr. Brereton the vocalist.

The Burns celebrations of Jan. 25 occurred, of course, too late for more than mere announcement until now. Brief comment will suffice, as, however interesting from a national and, to a particular public, even a musical point of view, the details of the programmes were necessarily of a familiar kind, both at the Royal Albert Hall and at St. James's Hall. In the first instance, among many features, there were performances by eminent solo vocalists, and some good part-singing by Mr. W. Carter's well-trained choir; M. Wolff, the skilful violinist, having contributed an effective Fantasia. At the St. James's Hall Burns Concert, Miss Macintyre made a very favourable impression by her refined yet characteristic delivery of music of her own nationality. Effective performances were also contributed by several other well-known vocalists, and the excellent "London Scottish Choir," in national melodies arranged as part-songs.

Mendelssohn's oratorio "St. Paul" was performed in the Metropolitan Cathedral on Jan. 25, as a portion of a service in celebration of the "Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul." There was a full orchestra, and the choruses were effectively rendered by the cathedral choir, largely augmented, the soloists having been members of the choir. Dr. Stainer conducted.

The Olympic Theatre was opened on Jan. 26 for a season of English operatic performances, under the direction of Mr. Valentine Smith, who is also the principal tenor of the company. The work given on the opening night was Wallace's "Maritana," a bright and tuneful opera—his best production of the kind—which still holds its attraction for the public. Several members of Mr. Valentine Smith's company have (besides himself) been heretofore favourably known in association with the Carl Rosa Company, among them being Miss Clara Perry, who, on the occasion now referred to, sustained the part of Maritana with much grace and refinement, if not with special power. Miss S. Fenn, as Lazarillo, and Mr. V. Smith, as an energetic Don Cesar, contributed towards the general effect. Mr. H. Pope sang well as the King; and Mr. Victor, as Don José, proved his possession of a good baritone voice; other features not calling for specific mention. The general arrangements are on a very moderate scale, a limited chorus being associated with a somewhat more effective orchestra. The conductor is Mr. De Solla.

The marvellous boy pianist, Otto Hegner, gave the first of three recitals at St. James's Hall on Jan. 28. We have on several occasions commented on the admirable executive powers of this extraordinary youth, and on the artistic taste and genuine musical intelligence which render his performances worthy of comparison with those of pianists of mature age and the highest eminence. The programme of the first of young Hegner's new series of recitals comprised specimens of various schools—old and new, classical and brilliant—beginning with Bach, and ending with Liszt.

The first of three recitals of "Tristan und Isolde" was announced—under the auspices of the Wagner Society—at the Portman Rooms on Jan. 28; the vocalists named having been Misses P. Cramer and M. Hoare, Messrs. W. Nicholl, W. Cunliffe, and B. H. Grove, with the orchestral features of the score rendered, in a pianoforte arrangement, by Mr. Carl Armbruster. The specialty of the occasion was understood to be the rendering of Wagner's extraordinary "Music-drama" in its long entirety. The absence, however, of the orchestral features, which are all-important in Wagner's stage music, can scarcely be compensated by a pianoforte transcription, however skilfully executed. Stage accessories, too, are essential conditions of Wagner's operas.

The most recent of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall was an evening performance, on Jan. 30, the announcements having comprised the names of some of our most eminent vocalists, Mr. Eaton Fanning's well-trained "select choir," and Madame Néruda as solo violinist. The ballad concert on Wednesday, Feb. 6, will be in the afternoon, at the same hall.

Miss Dora Bright—one of the best pianists produced by the Royal Academy of Music—gave the first of three recitals of pianoforte music at Prince's Hall on Jan. 30, when her programme comprised a varied selection of music of the past and present periods. The scheme included vocal pieces, assigned to Mr. A. Thompson.

The London Symphony Concert at St. James's Hall (the seventh evening performance of the series) took place on Jan. 29. The programme consisted mostly of familiar music.

The sixth concert of the season of the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall is appointed for Saturday afternoon, Feb. 2, when "Elijah" is to be given, with Mesdames Nordica and Belle Cole, Mr. C. Banks and Mr. Henschel, as the solo vocalists.

The competition for the Macfarren Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music was decided on Jan. 26, and the scholarship was awarded to Granville R. Bantock.

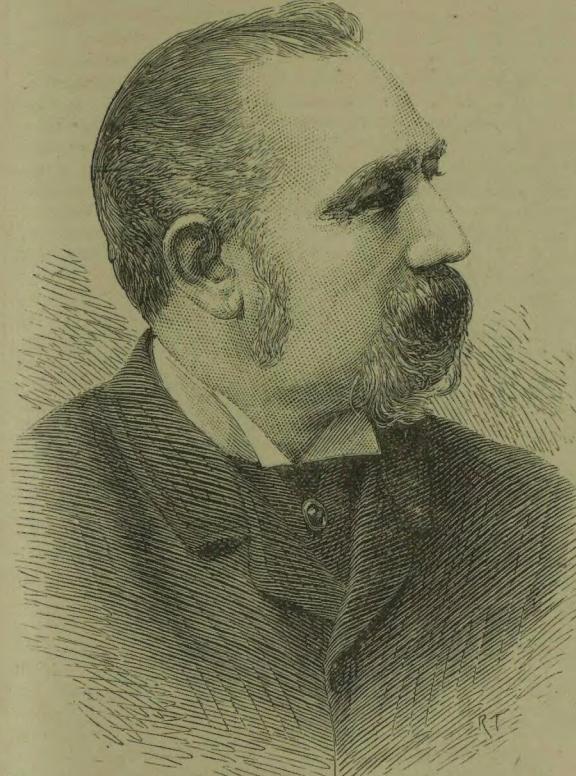
A Royal Warrant appears in the *Gazette* ordering that the Burgh of Dundee shall be a city, and shall be called and styled "The City of Dundee."

The Lord Chancellor has offered the living of Holy Trinity, Minories, to the Rev. Dr. Samuel Kinns, author of "Moses and Geography," who has accepted it.

Mrs. Edmund Tattersall organised the usual weekly entertainment at Brompton Hospital on Tuesday evening, Jan. 29. It was well carried out by Miss Ethel Tattersall, Miss Cicely Tattersall (recitation), Miss Grainger (pianoforte), Mr. John Gritton, and Mr. John Thomas (harpist to the Queen). The duties of accompanist were discharged by Mrs. Edmund Tattersall, who also took part in a charming "Romance," by Benedict, with Miss Ethel Tattersall (violin) and Mr. John Thomas (harp). Miss Ethel Tattersall was encored after "The Maiden and the Sunbeam," by Mr. John Thomas, and accompanied by the composer; Mr. John Gritton was encored after "The Three Beggars," and Mr. John Thomas was asked to repeat "The Dance of the Fairies," which was exquisitely played, but he gave, instead, a lovely Welsh air. The usual vote of thanks was carried with acclamation.

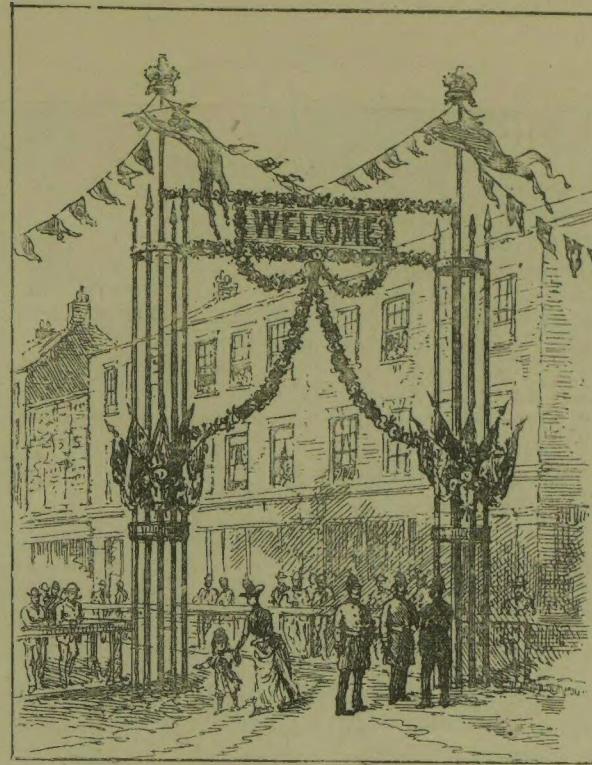
## THE ROYAL VISIT TO MIDDLESBROUGH.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, on Wednesday, Jan. 23, to the flourishing town of Middlesbrough-on-Tees, East Yorkshire, for the opening of the grand new Townhall and Municipal Buildings, erected by the Corporation at a cost of £130,000, of which we have given an Illustration and description, passed off in a very gratifying manner. We present Sketches taken by our Special Artist, Mr. J. Dinsdale, of the interesting proceedings. Their Royal Highnesses were the guests of the Earl of Zetland, at Aske Hall, near Richmond,



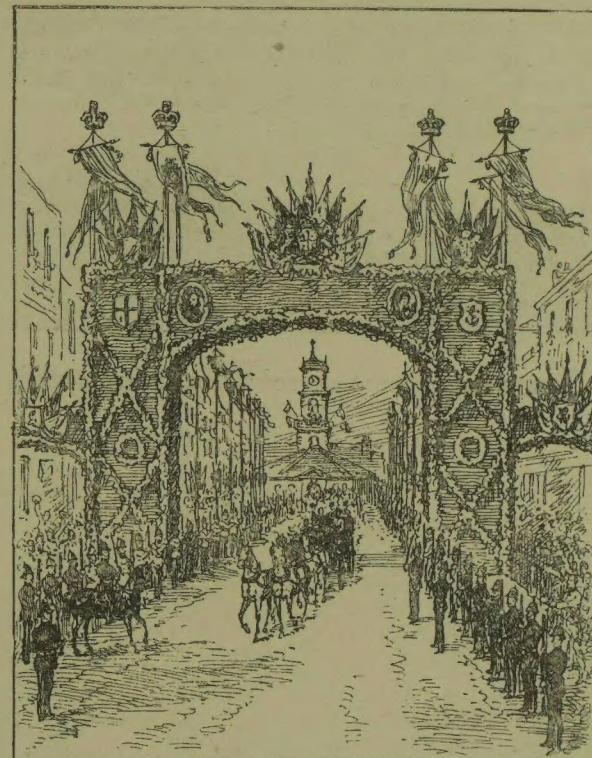
MR. GEORGE G. HOSKINS,  
Architect of the Middlesbrough Townhall.

Yorkshire. They left Aske Hall at ten in the morning, and, after receiving an address of welcome from the Mayor and Corporation of Richmond, travelled by special train to Middlesbrough, accompanied by Lord Zetland, the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Lieutenant of Yorkshire, and Lord Downe. They were received by the Mayor, Mr. Raylton Dixon, the Mayoress, Sir Joseph Pease, M.P., Sir Lowthian Bell, Mr. I. Wilson, M.P. for Middlesbrough, and others. His Worship presented to the Prince Mr. W. Fellows, the father of Middlesbrough, now ninety-one, who came to the town sixty years ago, when there were not more than half-a-dozen houses in it. A bouquet was presented to the Princess by Miss Inga Dixon, youngest daughter of the Mayor. A procession of members and officials of the Corporation and others was formed, and traversed the principal streets to the Townhall. The guard of honour was furnished by the 10th Hussars, of which regiment Prince Albert Victor is Captain. In the Townhall, the Mayor presented the Prince with an address of welcome from the Corporation and a key of gold and Cleveland steel. His Royal Highness, in reply, said the Princess united with himself in thanking them cordially for the welcome they had received. That borough was young in years, but the increase in its population since 1841 and the development of its commerce were remarkable. It might truly be said that Middlesbrough now ranks high among the towns, not of England only, but of the world, for the importance of her great and varied industries, and especially of her vast iron and steel trade. It was manifest also that they had been equally successful in carrying on the wise traditions of freedom and self-government which Englishmen had inherited. Lord Zetland, on behalf of the York Provincial Grand Lodge of Freemasons, presented the Prince with an illuminated address. The Princess started the new town clock by electricity. His Royal Highness then inspected and addressed a corps of about one thousand members of the St. John's Ambulance Association, of which Mr. Wayman Dixon is honorary secretary. A party of four hundred guests was entertained at luncheon by the Mayor. In response to the toast of his health, the Prince said that when they received an invitation to visit that interesting town they felt pleased. Having referred to the wonderful growth of the iron and steel trades of the district, and the remarkable increase in the population of the town, which he understood only numbered twenty-five in 1829 and was now about 73,000, he



ARCH IN CLEVELAND-STREET, MIDDLESBROUGH.

said he was glad to learn that their great iron and steel trade could hold its own against the whole world. Their Royal Highnesses, after the luncheon, retired to the Cleveland Club, where rooms had been fitted up for their private accommodation by the Mayor and Mayoress. They left Middles-



ARCH IN SOUTH-STREET, MIDDLESBROUGH.

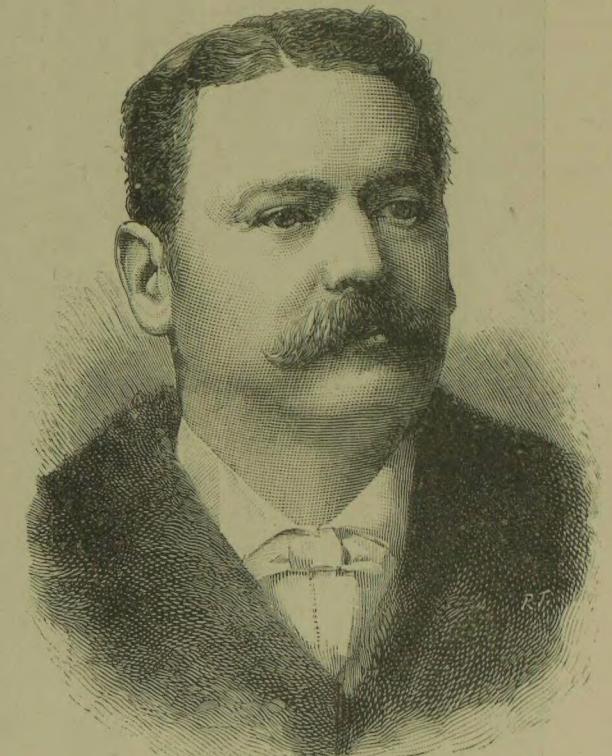
brough by special train at half-past three, returning to Richmond. In the evening, at Middlesbrough, there was an illumination of the streets, and a display of fireworks in the open ground in Upper Albert-road.

Prince Francis of Teck, who has completed his studies at the Royal Military College, has been appointed a Second Lieutenant in the 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers.

Sufficient money has been subscribed to secure the purchase of "The Lavn" for the purposes of a public garden for South Lambeth. The wherewithal, however, is wanted for laying out the ground and fencing it in.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

General Boulanger has had a great victory. He has been elected in the Department of the Seine by a majority which almost exceeds the most sanguine forecasts of his supporters. The returns give him 244,070 votes, against 162,520 for Jacques and 16,760 for Boulé, the Revolutionist, and 10,358 for outsiders. General Boulanger's majority over the total recorded for his opponents is therefore over 80,000. He has been victorious in twenty-one out of twenty-two electoral districts. Some particulars of the election are given in another



MR. RAYLTON DIXON,  
Mayor of Middlesbrough-on-Tees.

column.—Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, the historian of the French Navy, has been received at the Academy as the successor of Baron Viel-Castel.—M. De Lesseps presided on Jan. 26 over a meeting of shareholders of the Panama Canal, and proposed a resolution in favour of winding-up the old company, and of transferring its works, rights, and privileges to a new company, M. Brunet being named as the liquidator.

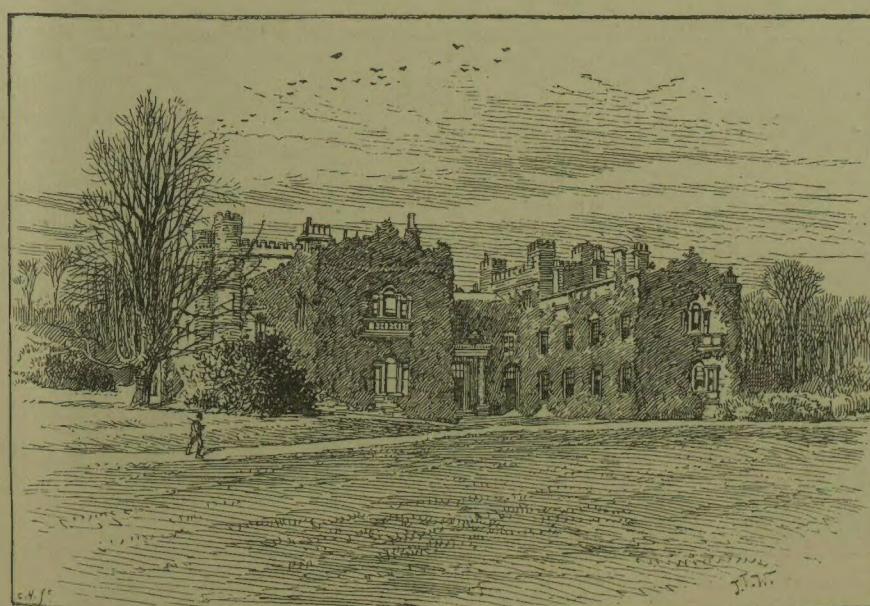
The King of Italy, in his Address on the opening of the Chambers on Jan. 28, expressed confidence in the maintenance of peace.

Sunday, Jan. 27, being the Emperor William's birthday, the day was kept with the solemnity and festivity suitable to the occasion. Numbers of official dinners were held. After a service in the Castle Chapel their Majesties received the congratulations offered to them by the State dignitaries and the Diplomatic Corps, who defiled past the throne in the White Saloon. All the German Sovereigns came to Berlin to offer their congratulations. On the 28th their Majesties gave a family dinner, to which all the German Princes and Princesses who were in Berlin were invited. Among the birthday honours bestowed by the Emperor may be mentioned the decoration of Count H. Bismarck with the Red Eagle of the First Class.—At the meeting of the Reichstag on Jan. 26 the Imperial Chancellor's Bill for the Protection of German Interests and the Combating of the Slave Trade in East Africa was the subject of a prolonged discussion before being finally referred to a committee of twenty-one members. The language of Prince Bismarck was scarcely hopeful while touching on the prospects of German colonisation in Zanzibar; but his references to this country were cordial.

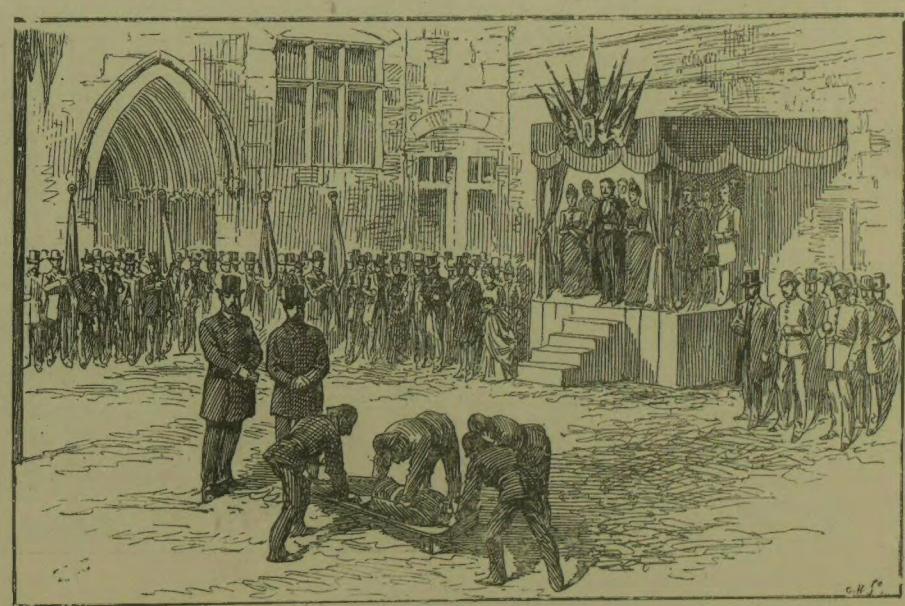
The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark have returned to Copenhagen from Stockholm, where they had been staying for a week on a visit to the King of Sweden.

The Foreign Affairs Committee of the American House of Representatives have resolved, with only one dissentient, to order a favourable report on Senator Edmunds's resolution protesting against the connection of any European Government with schemes for cutting canals across Central America.

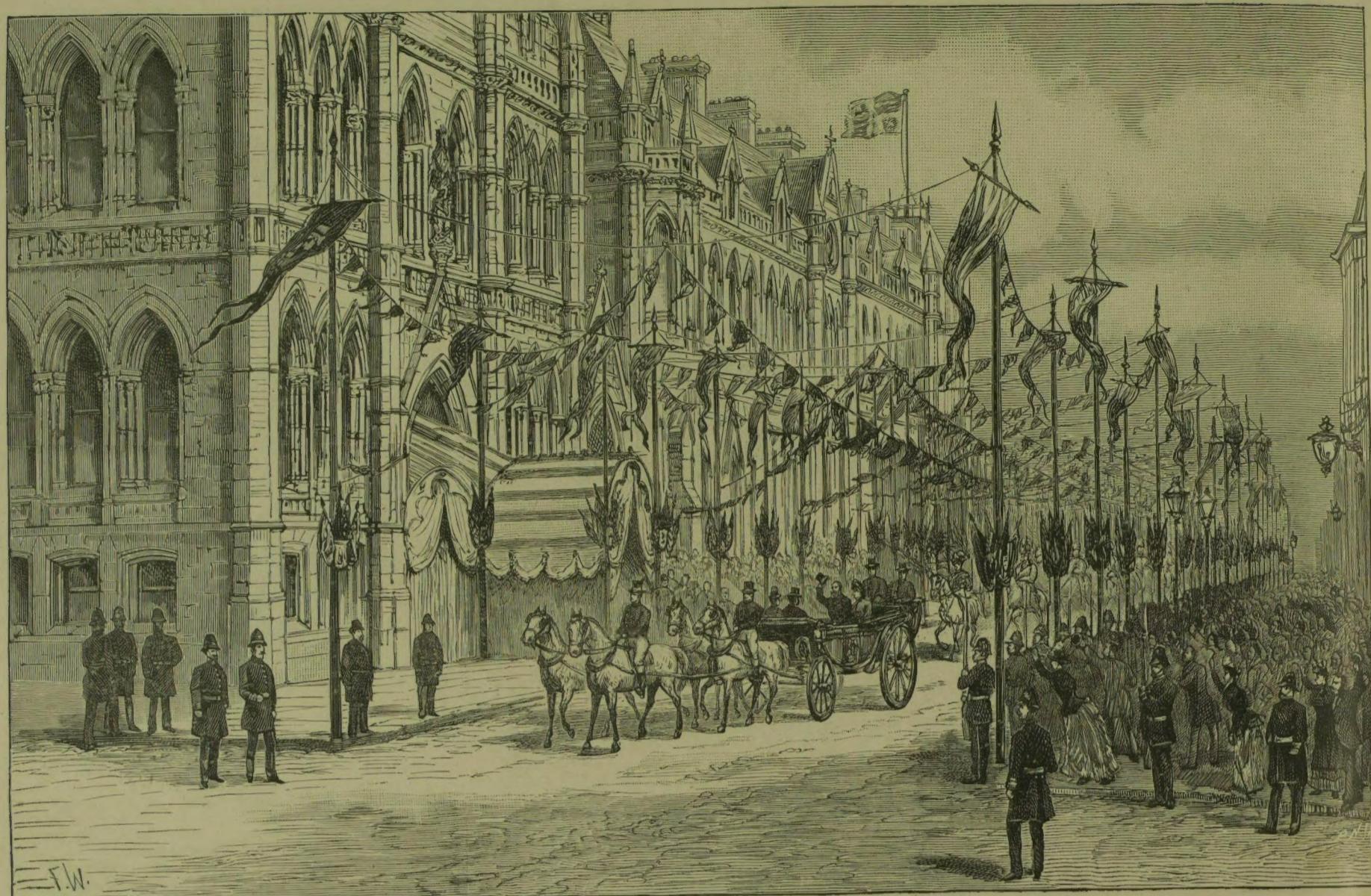
Mr. William O'Brien, who, it may be remembered, slipped out of the Court-House at Carrick-on-Suir while his trial was going on, made his appearance at Manchester on Jan. 29, and was duly arrested.



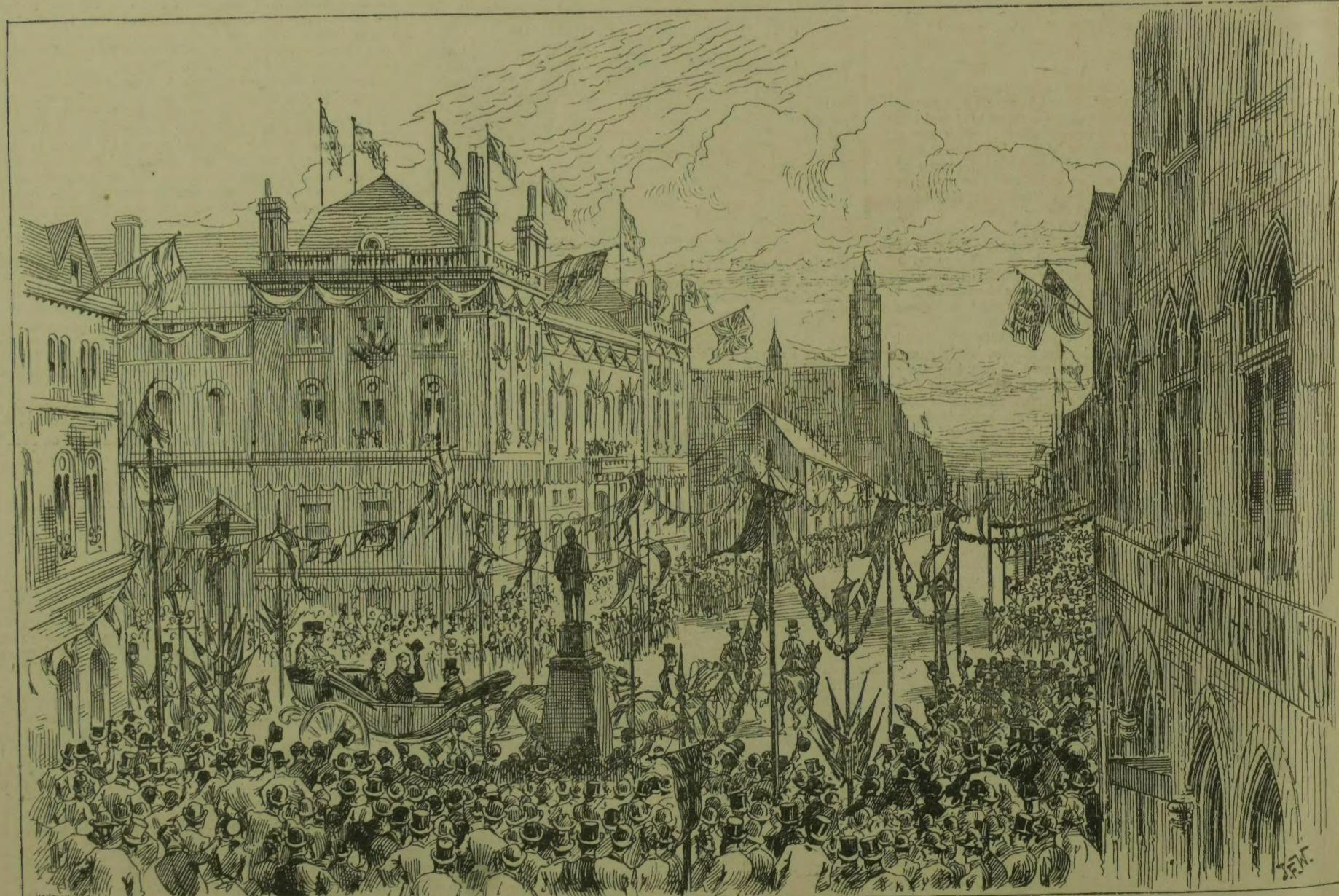
ASKE HALL, RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF ZETLAND,  
Visited by the Prince and Princess.



THE PRINCE INSPECTING THE ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION CORPS,  
Middlesbrough-on-Tees.



ARRIVAL AT THE NEW TOWNSHALL, MIDDLESBROUGH.



PROCESSION PASSING THE EXCHANGE AND VAUGHAN MONUMENT, MIDDLESBROUGH.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT MIDDLESBROUGH-ON-TEES.

## GENERAL

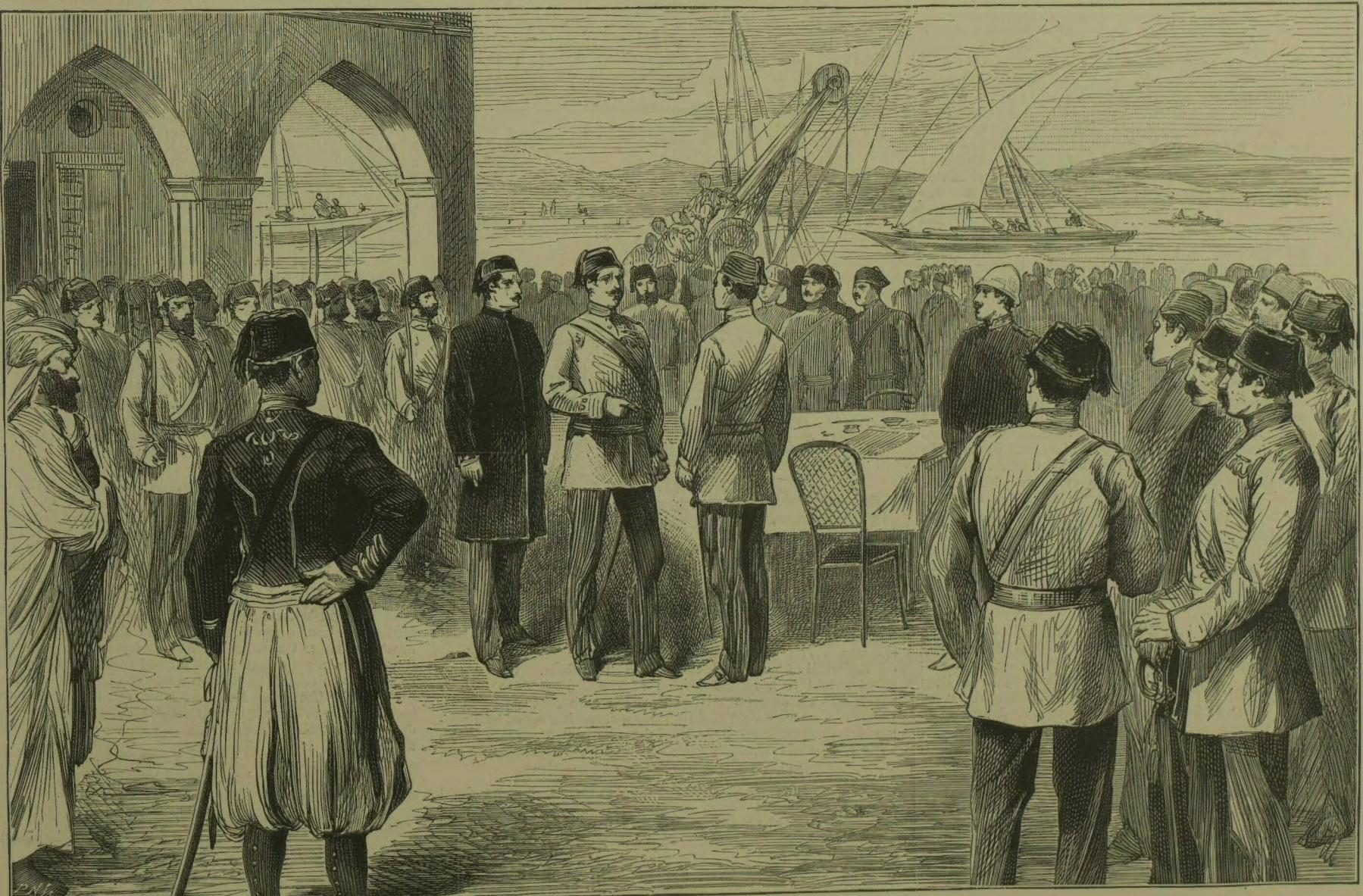
## BOULANGER.

The election, on Sunday, Jan. 24, of General Boulanger as member of the French Chamber of Deputies for the Department of the Seine, by a majority of the whole constituency, and by a very large majority over his principal competitor, M. Jacques, but with the assistance of votes, estimated at 90,000, given by persons hostile to the Republican form of government, is a rather startling event; but its importance may prove much less than has been imagined. Though it may occasion the overthrow of a Ministry, giving to the General, by the peaceful instrumentality of the ballot-box, his revenge on M. Floquet for the wound inflicted in a sword-duel not many months ago, the predictions that it will destroy the Republic, and will substitute the rule of a military dictator, or a Royalist reaction, are not worthy of much consideration. The wish is father to the thought; and the exultation is premature. General Boulanger, if he had the unscrupulous ambition to seize power like a Napoleon, of which we do not accuse this self-asserting demagogue, has apparently neither the ability nor the reputation, nor is likely to have the opportunity, that would enable him to play such a part. A third-rate General, who has never commanded an army in any notable campaign—an administrative official in the War Department, and for less than two years Minister of War, but only in time of peace—a political agitator who is no orator, who has no affluence of ideas, no skill in debate, and whose individual behaviour has been remarkably indiscreet, placing him in various undignified situations—is not the man, with his plebeian name and inglorious associations, to be made the hero of the French nation. He is merely the tool of factions entertaining different and opposite designs, seeking a chance to profit by renewed political disorder, and intending to throw him overboard at the moment when they shall have gained a temporary advantage in the confusion which they hope to produce. If contemporary history supplied the account of any great action, military or civil, performed by M. Boulanger, who is now about forty-five years of age, it should find place here in a biographical memoir; but the record of his public life is barren and obscure previously to

GENERAL BOULANGER, ELECTED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF THE SEINE (PARIS).

his being patronised by M. Clémenceau, the leader of the Democratic party some four years ago, as an officer disposed to undertake the task of working out certain measures for the stricter enforcement of the conscription. The jealousy of the labouring classes of the population, with regard to the legal exemptions and indulgences in this respect allowed to the educated and professional and well-to-do middle classes, with the permission to avoid military service by payments of money, afforded M. Boulanger some ground for taking credit with the Democratic party as the agent of a more

General Boulanger's scheme for the Revision of the Constitution is to abolish the power of the Presidency and to do away with the Senate, which are the two features most resembling those of the United States Republic, and from which its stability, and the energy and consistency of its Executive Government, are derived. The President of the French Republic, with functions like those of a constitutional Sovereign, but obliged to accept Ministers supported by the majority of the Chamber of Deputies, is elected, by the members of the Senate and Chamber voting together, in the National



THE RELIEF OF SUAKIN: THE SIRDAR CONGRATULATING EGYPTIAN OFFICERS AND DISTRIBUTING GRATUITIES TO SOLDIERS.

Assembly, for a period of seven years. M. Carnot, who succeeded M. Grévy in December, 1887, will be President till December, 1894, and will, under the advice of Ministers responsible to the Chamber, see that the laws are enforced, controlling the whole civil administration and disposing of the army; but he cannot declare war, or ratify foreign treaties, without the express assent of the Legislature. The Senate, consisting of three hundred members elected for nine years, not all at once, but one-third of them to be elected in every third year, represents the Councils-General of the Departments (similar to our new County Councils), and the Municipal Councils of Communes, these being elected by universal suffrage. It shares the legislative power with the Chamber of Deputies, and is peculiarly the guardian of the Constitution. In the present Senate, there are 230 Republicans to seventy Monarchists, whereas the present Chamber contains 170 Royalists, 220 Moderate Republicans, 170 Radicals, and thirty Socialists, giving a very precarious majority to the Constitutional Republicans, as the Royalists often join in a factious vote of the Extreme Democrats to embarrass any Republican Ministry. This is the real cause of all the difficulties that the short-lived Ministries of late years have encountered. The Senate is the most effective political bulwark of the Republic, and its abolition is the avowed object of General Boulanger, as it is of the partisans of the Comte de Paris, styling himself King of France, and of Prince Victor Napoleon, whom some would place on the Imperial throne. But a revision or alteration of the Constitution must be preceded by separate resolutions of the Senate and of the Chamber, and must be effected by the two bodies sitting together in Congress or National Assembly. It is more than doubtful whether General Boulanger has sufficient political ability to bring about this consummation. If it were attempted by force, it must be either that of a mob insurrection in Paris, which might be crushed as readily as the Commune of 1871 was crushed by the orders of the National Assembly; or it must be that of the army itself. But it is believed that none of the commanding officers of the army, and but a small portion of the soldiery, now drawn from all classes of society, and closely connected with civil interests, would follow General Boulanger, a man of little military renown and no manifest genius, in such an odious and desperate attempt.

These considerations should mitigate the alarm occasioned by the recent election for Paris, that is to say, for the Department of the Seine, which has the enormous register of 568,697 electors on the basis of universal suffrage, enabled by the "scrutin de liste" to vote in one electoral body, instead of being divided, by the "scrutin d'arrondissement," into constituencies of moderate size. The number who actually voted was 435,860, of whom 244,070 voted for Boulanger, 162,520 for Jacques, 16,760 for Boulé, and 10,358 for outside candidates. The amount of voting for Boulanger is not unprecedented, Lamartine having got 259,000 votes in 1848, when Paris had scarcely half its present population; and in 1885 the poll, for M. Lockroy, son-in-law to Victor Hugo, was considerably greater.

The Portrait of General Boulanger is from a photograph by M. Nadar, Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, Paris.

#### THE RELIEF OF SUAKIN.

The defeat, on Dec. 20, of the Arab besiegers of Suakin led by Osman Digna, who were driven from their trenches in an hour's fighting by the British and Egyptian troops under the direction of General Sir Francis Grenfell, the "Sirdar" or Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army, was fully described in this Journal, and has been the subject of several Illustrations. On Jan. 2, the day before his departure from Suakin and return to Cairo, there was a general parade of all the troops of the garrison, including the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the Welsh Regiment, and a detachment of the 20th Hussars, when the Sirdar presented the decorations bestowed by the Khedive on those of his own army who had shown distinguished gallantry in the late action. Captain Macdonald and Lieutenant Gordon received, respectively, the third and fourth class of the Order of the Medjidieh, and seven Egyptian officers the fourth or fifth class of the same Order. Gratitudes were also distributed among the private soldiers of the black Soudanese regiments who stormed the enemy's trenches, and whose courageous behaviour is greatly admired. Mr. Gerald Saumarez furnishes us with a Sketch of this interesting scene, which took place on the open ground adjacent to the Custom-house at Suakin, within view of the scene of action and of the hills beyond. Colonel Kitchener remains in command of the garrison, now composed entirely of Egyptian troops.

Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie has at last accomplished the difficult task which he began last season. He has succeeded in forcing an entrance into the sepulchral chamber of the Pyramid of Amenemhat III., at Hawara, in the Fayoum.

The Dean and Chapter of Chester met on Jan. 26 to receive the Queen's mandate to elect a Bishop, and recommending Dr. Jayne, Vicar of Leeds, to the office. The Dean read the *conge d'écrire*, and Dr. Jayne was elected; it being ordered that a certificate of the fact should be sent to her Majesty. At the afternoon service declaration of the election was made.

The four men charged with the burglary at Muswell-hill, and with shooting Mr. George Atkin, were again brought up at Highgate Police Court on Jan. 28; and a confession by James Clarke was read, implicating himself, Burdett, and Lyster. He said that Smith had nothing to do with the matter. Clarke, in the dock, volunteered to be Queen's evidence. Smith was discharged, and the three others remanded formally till Feb. 4.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society on Jan. 26 Dr. Prior read a paper upon the ginseng of China, *panax ginseng*, a plant to which the Chinese ascribe many remarkable virtues, among others the property of restoring youthful vigour to old age. It is now so scarce that fabulous prices are paid for even small pieces of the root, amounting in a recent instance to upwards of £40 per oz.

The Portrait of the late Bishop of St. Asaph is from a photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of Regent-street; that of the late Dr. Hueffer, from one by Mr. Whiteley, of West-bourne-grove and Queen's-road, Bayswater; that of Miss Ethel Montague, B.A., from one by Mr. W. Guttenberg, of Bristol; that of the Mayor of Middlesbrough, by Messrs. R. W. Gibbs and Co., of the same town; and that of Mr. G. G. Hoskins, architect, by Mr. James Cooper, of Darlington. For the Portraits, in this week's publication, of some members of the new London County Council, we have used photographs taken by the following firms and photographic artists: Messrs. Fradelle and Young, Regent-street, those of Dr. G. B. Longstaff, Mr. J. M. Dougall, Mr. T. B. Westcott, Mr. D. Macfarlane, Mr. W. C. Parkinson, Mr. James Ambrose, Mr. C. Harrison, Dr. Gibson Bott, and Mr. John Burns; M. Batiste and Son, Oxford-street, that of Mr. R. Strong; the London Stereoscopic Company, that of Colonel Edis; Messrs. Bradshaw and Son, that of Mr. H. Clarke; Mr. Chancellor, Dublin, that of Mr. Farquhar; and Mr. M. J. Melhuish, that of Mr. P. Martineau. The Portrait of Miss E. J. Cobden is from a sketch drawn by the French artist Rajon, at Algiers.

#### LADIES AT LONDON UNIVERSITY.

The University of London, for the first time, has this year opened its examination for honours to students in English; and it has been successfully passed by Miss Ethel E. M. Montague, B.A., the only lady student who has yet gained first-class honours in this University. She resides with her family at 5, Blythe-villas, Kensington Park, and is twenty-one years of age. She was a pupil of the Girls' Day-School Company in London; she passed the Junior and Senior Cambridge Local Examinations with honours, and, in 1884, she won the Company's scholarship, held for two years; in 1886, she matriculated in London University with honours, and was offered a Girton scholarship for two years. In the same year Miss Montague won

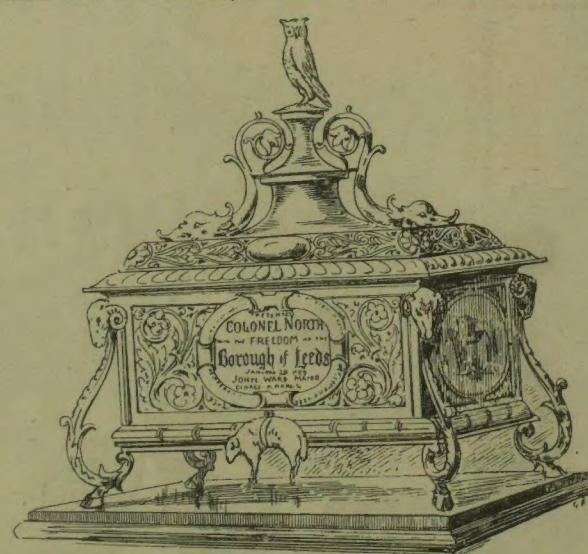


MISS ETHEL MONTAGUE, B.A.,  
First Class Honours in English at London University.

the Somerville Chemistry Prize, on the result of the Oxford and Cambridge joint board examinations. In 1887 she passed the Intermediate Arts examination (London), being first in second class honours for English, and was awarded the Reid Scholarship at Bedford College, Baker-street, for one year. At the June examinations last year of University College, London, she obtained the Anglo-Saxon Prize with a certificate of honour, and a certificate also for Mental and Moral Science. She has passed the B.A. examination in the first division, gaining first class honours in English, with marks deserving a prize, being the only lady in the first class. This is the first year that the University of London has permitted English to be taken as an honours subject.

#### LEEDS HONOURS TO COLONEL NORTH.

The munificent donor of Kirkstall Abbey to Leeds, his native town, Colonel North, was, on Friday, Jan. 25, presented with the honorary freedom of the borough. The Mayor, Mr. John Ward, delivered to him a silver casket, in which was a small book, richly bound, containing a record of the resolution, with the names of all the Town Council and water-colour views of the Townhall and Kirkstall Abbey. After returning thanks, Colonel North handed to the Mayor a cheque for the purchase money of Kirkstall Abbey, and said he had been to see it that morning, and, finding that the twelve acres attached to it were not sufficient, he had bought an adjacent piece of land for the children to play upon. The silver casket, of which we give an illustration, was designed by Messrs. Goodall and Suddick, of Leeds, and manufactured by Messrs. Round and Sons, of Sheffield. It is parcel-gilt, is oblong in form, 11 in. by 7 in., and stands, with the base, nearly 17 in. high. At each corner is a floral scroll, surmounted by a ram's head, and it



CASKET PRESENTED BY THE TOWN OF LEEDS TO COL. NORTH.

stands upon rams' feet. The panels are ornamented with floral scrolls and raised medallions or shields in the centre, each with a suitable engraving. The front shield, of course, bears the inscription, and the back shield the borough coat-of-arms. The medallions at the end bear fine engravings of Kirkstall Abbey and the Leeds Townhall. Under the front shield is a representation of the golden fleece. The casket has an elegant tall cover, richly embossed with medallions, and on each side a dolphin, representing speed and progress. The whole is surmounted by an owl, the crest of the borough. The casket is tastefully lined with satin and velvet.

At the annual meeting of the London Orphan Asylum, held at the Cannon-street Hotel on Jan. 27, the chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, stated that, financially, the year had been full of encouragement. Forty children were elected.

Count Hatzfeldt gave a banquet at the German Embassy, on Jan. 27, in honour of the Emperor William's birthday. Besides the staff of the Embassy and of the Consulate, the principal representatives of the German colony in London were present. His Excellency, in proposing the Emperor's health, gave expression to his conviction that, during the present year at least, the peace of Europe would not be disturbed.

#### THE PLAYHOUSES.

Everyone will be glad to welcome Mr. Wilson Barrett back to his old home, the Princess's Theatre, notwithstanding that he is a guest in Oxford-street, and not, as of old, a courteous host. There was surely a ring of disappointment in his speech on Monday night, when he obviously regretted the changed aspect of affairs, and cynically asked when some millionaire was coming forward to build him a beautiful new theatre and instal him in a new home of his own. Whilst the necessary rehearsals are being conducted of two new plays, one by Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Wilson Barrett for the evening, and one by Mr. Wilson Barrett alone for the proposed series of matinées, it has been thought wise to put up "Hamlet." This is always a safe card to play for a few nights. It does not matter in the least what kind of a Hamlet it is—an old-fashioned cut-and-dried Hamlet like Samuel Phelps, a conventional Hamlet like Charles Kean, a fanciful and picturesque Hamlet like Fechter, a clever and well-spoken Hamlet like Walter Montgomery, a sensational Hamlet like Miss Cushman or Miss Marriott, a scholarly, imaginative, and student Hamlet like Henry Irving, or a modern melodramatic Hamlet like Wilson Barrett—there are always hundreds and thousands of people who have never seen Hamlet and who are prepared to swear that the first Hamlet they have ever seen is, incomparably, the best representative of the character that ever was or could be. So they all came to the Princess's Theatre on Monday to sit at Mr. Wilson Barrett's feet—the school-girls and the school-boys who, having read the play, saw it acted and deemed it all a revelation. Concerning Mr. Wilson Barrett's Hamlet there is little now to be said. It is just such a performance as might be expected from an actor of his particular temperament and physique. At any rate, he may be congratulated on restoring certain scenes usually omitted from the acted text, particularly the impressive one with the King that follows what is generally known as the "closet scene." In this passage of arms with Claudius prior to Hamlet's departure for England, Mr. Barrett is at his best, and he introduces some business which is admirable. The scenic effects and stage arrangements invented by the latest Hamlet, including the play scene in the garden and the fencing scene out of doors, are once more given; but, with the exception of Miss Eastlake as Ophelia and Mr. George Barrett as the first gravedigger, the general cast is not a wholly satisfactory one. A King more transpontine in his style the modern stage has not seen, and surely that must have been an unrehearsed effect when Claudius, in his kingly robes, is knocked over by the indignant Hamlet as if he were a ninepin and expires with his heels up in the air! The things that seem wholly wanting in this revival are poetry and imagination. Everything is carefully done, the text is on the whole intelligently spoken, but there is little charm in it.

But we are to have plenty more Shakespeare in London this year. Mr. Henry Irving, quite well again and with his voice in good order, has come back to the Lyceum to play Macbeth to houses more crowded than ever; Mr. Beerbohm Tree, weary of "Captain Swift," has resolved to put up "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and to enact Sir John Falstaff before the weather is too hot for padding; and Mr. Richard Mansfield has taken a well-known critic at his word, and intends to play Richard III. before Easter.

These new arrangements at the Haymarket have been necessitated by the imminent production of a new modern comedy of commercial life, written by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, which will shortly be placed in rehearsal, and produced, if all be well, at Easter time.

The Criterion having settled down to a success with the new-fangled version of "Still Waters Run Deep," altered and amended to suit Mr. Wyndham's taste for sentiment and Mrs. Bernard-Beere's passion for dress, it becomes necessary for the energetic Mr. Wyndham to be up and doing. It is impossible for him to exhaust his energy over John Mildmay, whose force has to be kept in reserve. The public may go into ecstasies over Mr. Worth's costumes, and shed a silent tear over John Mildmay's remorse, but the manager of the Criterion is a man of action. Accordingly he has made arrangements with Mr. Duck to produce at the Strand Theatre on Saturday the clever farcical-comedy "The Balloon," written by George Manville Fenn and Mr. J. H. Darnley, that made such a complete success when produced at a recent matinée at Terry's Theatre. But, of course, all depends upon how it is acted. If badly cast even a successful "Balloon" can speedily collapse. After Friday next, what with the "Comédie Française" at the French plays in Dean-street, Soho, and other attractions, high society will have its hands pretty full; for, before the week is ended, the Guards Burlesque of "Ivanhoe" will have been performed at Chelsea Barracks by many of the same clever company as last year. But this time there will be no lady amateurs. Mr. Crutchley has presumably retired, so the Ricardos and Nulgents and their brother officers will be assisted by Miss Jenny McNulty and Miss Kate Vaughan, two of the very prettiest of our lighter actresses.

If Mr. Corney Grain does not grow wiser as he grows older, he certainly becomes more amusing. His last sketch, called "A Day's Sport," is one of the very best that he has written for a considerable period, and sends the audience at the St. George's Hall into fits of laughter. He describes a commonplace, dull-as-ditch-water country house where the hostess objects to smoking and sends her guests to bed at ten o'clock, and also a sporting country house where they talk-shooting "shop" all night and play the banjo all day. Mr. Grain's satirical anecdote is relieved by several clever and exceedingly well written comic songs dealing with the waltzing, the sporting, and the banjo mania. The last song on the list is one of the very prettiest that Mr. Grain has ever sung: it is supposed to be the pathetic lament of the middle-aged husband as he is panting through the polka with his portly wife. It will be popular in every drawing-room and in all classes of society.

M. Mayor has used his influence and brought over for a week several members of the Comédie Française, including Mdlle. Reichembourg, M. Boucher, and the younger, but not the most amusing, Coquelin. These artistes have all been well received in a play that is not a good test of their ability. A better choice might have been made than "Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr," by the elder Dumas. However, the programme has been varied every night with interludes of monologues and duologues, so that the fashionable patrons of the French plays are satisfied.

Lord Willoughby has returned 20 per cent on the agricultural rents of the whole of his tenantry in Carnarvonshire.

The annual meeting of members of the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art was held on Jan. 28 at Conway. Mr. H. Clarence Whaite, R.W.S., was re-elected president, Mr. Norbury vice-president, and Mr. W. Laurence Banks honorary treasurer and secretary. The report mentioned the great success of last year's exhibition and the satisfactory financial position of the Academy. Messrs. J. H. Coles, Leonard Hughes, Walter Severn, W. Brunt Turner, and G. Swinford Wood were elected full members. The opening of this year's exhibition was fixed for Whit Monday, at Conway.

## THE COURT.

The Queen, the Empress Frederick, Princess Beatrice, and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning, Jan. 27. The Bishop of Ripon officiated. The Queen went out on the morning of the 28th, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Margaret of Prussia. The Empress Frederick walked in the grounds with Princess Victoria of Prussia. Viscount Cranbrook, G.C.S.I., arrived at Osborne and had an audience of her Majesty. Dr. Stubbs, the new Bishop of Oxford, also arrived and, after doing homage to the Queen on his appointment, was invested with the chain and badge of Chancellor of the Order of the Garter. On the 29th Mr. Phelps, the American Minister, took leave of the Queen. Her Majesty held a Council at which the Earl of Limerick, Mr. Leonard Courtney, and Baron Henry De Worms were sworn in members of the Privy Council. Before the Council the Earl of Kintore gave up the stick of office as Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, on his appointment to the Government of South Australia. The Earl of Limerick has been appointed Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard in place of the Earl of Kintore.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Marlborough House on Jan. 25, from Aske. The Princess, attended by Lady Suffield and Major-General Sir C. Teesdale, returned to Sandringham from Aske. The Duke of Cambridge visited the Prince on the 26th. His Royal Highness received the United States Minister (Mr. Phelps) on his departure from England, and afterwards was present at a meeting of the standing committee of the trustees of the British Museum (Natural History) at South Kensington. The Prince left for Sandringham. On Sunday morning, the 27th, the Prince and Princess, with Prince George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service in the church of St. Mary Magdalene, Sandringham. The Rev. J. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, officiated and preached. The Prince has come to town. Prince Albert is staying at Wentworth Castle.

The Duke of Cambridge has left England for Gibraltar, and will be absent for two or three weeks.

## KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.

The annual entertainment to the patients in King's College Hospital was held on Jan. 24, in the large hall, which was decorated by the students with festoons of evergreens, flags, and shields, arranged with artistic effect, and some improvements in the lighting of the hall and in the form of the decorations. Instead of Chinese lanterns, coloured globes were hung round each staircase, and the ceiling was covered with

## DR. HUEFFER.

Dr. Hueffer, the musical critic of the *Times*, died on Jan. 18, after a short illness, and at a comparatively early age—having been born (at Münster) in 1845. He was a man of great intellectual powers, extensive reading, and wide accomplishments; all which were successfully manifested, not only in his special occupation as a commentator on music and musical performances, but also in various branches of literature, in

the shape of books and librettos of operas; two works of the latter class from his pen, "Colomba" and "The Troubadour" (both composed by Dr. Mackenzie), having been produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Dr. Hueffer also contributed to, and edited, some of our most important magazines and other periodicals; and also wrote for foreign journals, having been an accomplished linguist. He leaves behind him a portion of an important work, a history of music during the reign of Queen Victoria, and a sketch of an opera intended for composition by Mr. Cowen. Dr. Hueffer was an earnest, a sincere, and able advocate of the music of Richard Wagner at a time when the composer found but slight recognition in this country; and the deceased critic in every way gave an importance and value to the department of newspaper musical comment which have hitherto been exceptional rather than usual.

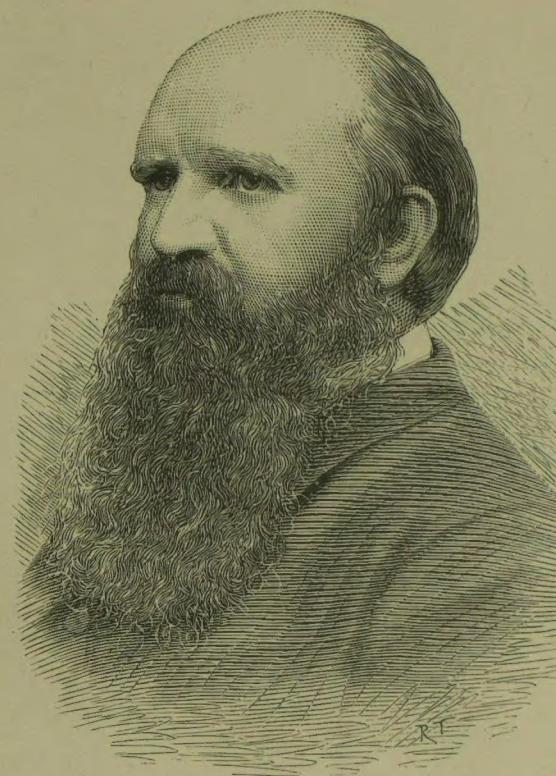
Speaking at Abingdon, on Jan. 28, Mr. Chaplin explained that he had recently modified his views in regard to Protection—first, be-

cause Protection had not benefited agriculturists in France and Germany; and secondly, because of the uselessness in the present state of political parties of proposing a return to the system.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Consul-General for Sweden and Norway, a silver medal of the second class and two silver medals of the third class, which have been respectively awarded by the Norwegian Government to Captain William Grooch, master, and Charles Wright and John Andrews, seamen, of the fishing-smack John Frederick, of Lowestoft, in acknowledgment of their services in rescuing the crew of the abandoned Norwegian schooner Carolina, of Krageroe, in the North Sea in October last.

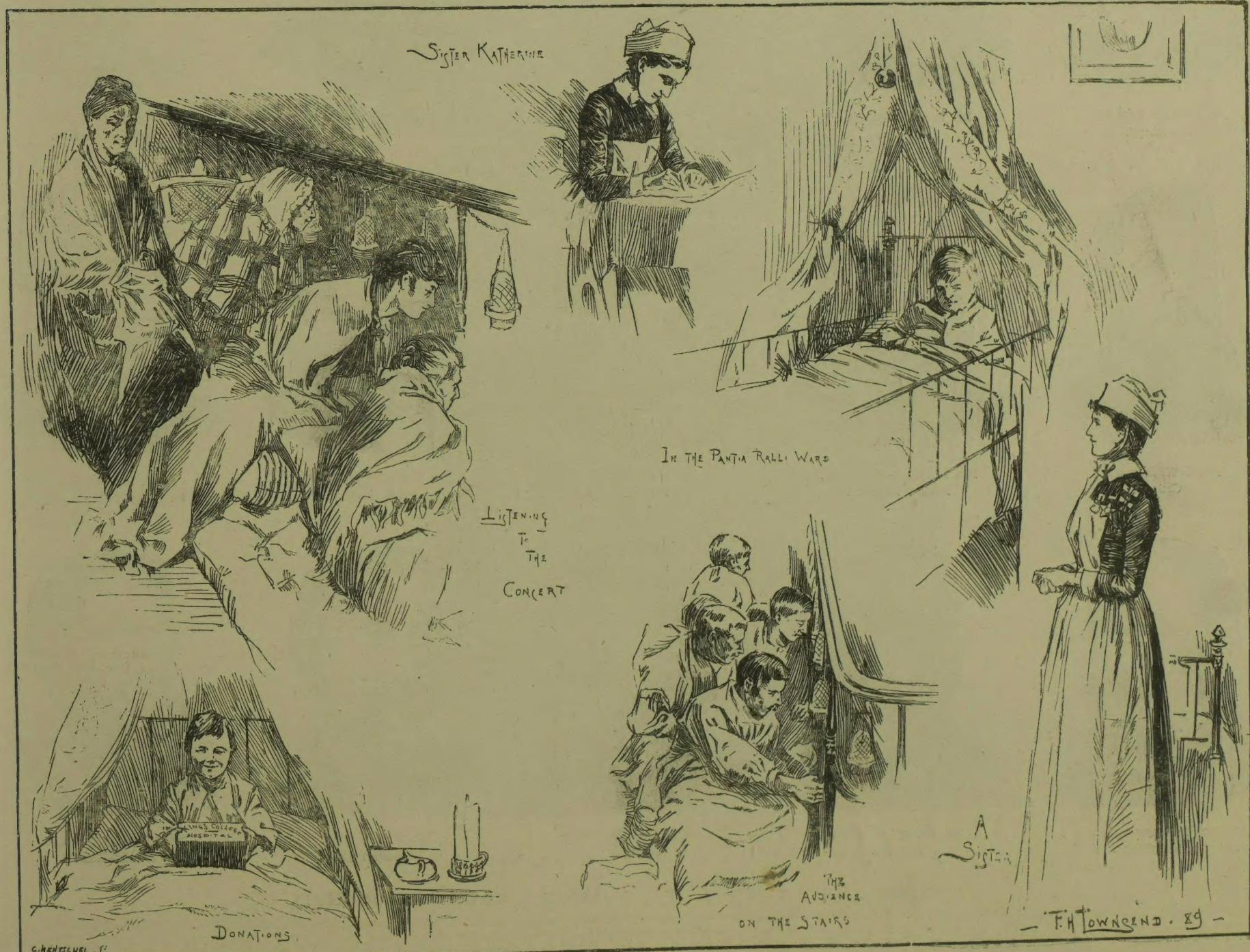


THE LATE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.  
See Obituary, page 158.



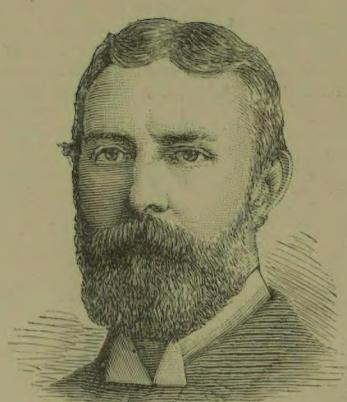
THE LATE DR. F. HUEFFER,  
Musical Critic.

gauze, arranged so as to take the shape of a pagoda. The decorative materials were lent by Liberty & Co. In one corner a stage, with footlights, curtain, and furniture complete, was erected for the convenience of the "Jamboree Niggers," and other performers who had volunteered their services. Mr. Toole was unable to come on this occasion, but Mr. Lonnen, dressed for his part of Mephistopheles, sang his comic song; and Mr. Collette and Miss Mary Collette gave his "Collette at Home," with some patter songs and speeches, much to the delight of the audience. Those of the patients who were well enough to be moved were wheeled into the corridors, from which they could command a good view of the stage. We give an illustration of this pleasant and kindly entertainment.





MR. H. CLARKE,  
City.



MR. C. HARRISON,  
South-West Bethnal-green.



MR. A. DAVIES,  
North Hackney.



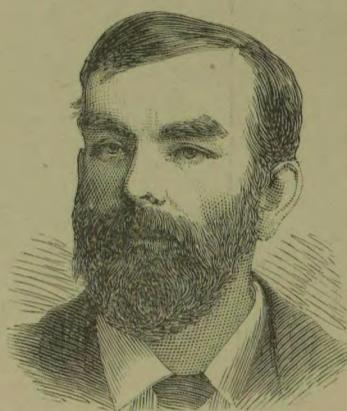
MR. D. H. MACFARLANE,  
West Islington.



DR. G. B. LONGSTAFF,  
Wandsworth.



MR. NATHAN MOSS,  
Hoxton.



MR. JOHN BURNS,  
Battersea.



MR. R. STRONG,  
North Camberwell.



MR. G. B. HOLMES,  
South Hackney.



MR. J. W. BENN,  
East Finsbury.



MR. CHARLES TARLING,  
Whitechapel.



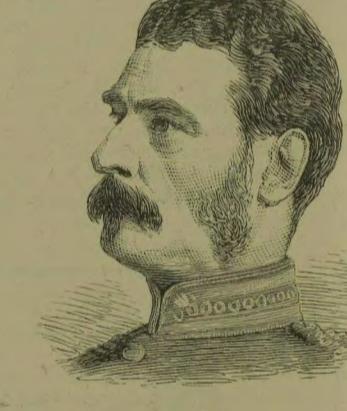
MR. JAMES AMBROSE,  
Limehouse.



MISS E. J. COBDEN,  
Bow and Bromley.



MR. J. McDougall,  
Poplar.



COLONEL R. W. EDIS,  
South St. Pancras.



MR. G. W. OSBORNE,  
Chelsea.



MR. T. HOWELL WILLIAMS,  
North St. Pancras.



MR. JAMES BEAL,  
Fulham.



MR. W. C. PARKINSON,  
North Islington.



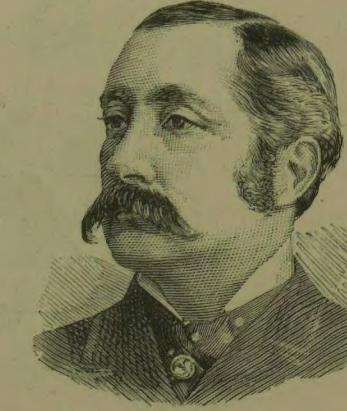
MR. P. MARTINEAU,  
St. George's - in - the - East.



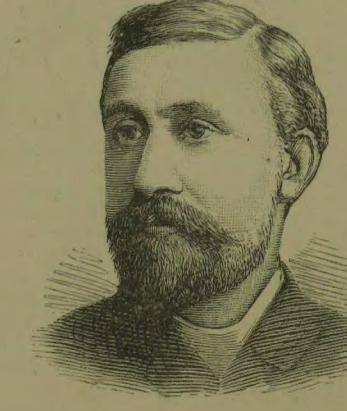
MR. H. FARQUHAR,  
East Marylebone.



MR. ERNEST COLLARD,  
Deptford.



CAPTAIN W. S. BEAUMONT,  
Stepney.



DR. GIBSON BOTT,  
West Newington.



MR. T. B. WESTACOTT,  
East St. Pancras.



"THE NEAREST WAY TO CHURCH."

DRAWN BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Our National Cathedrals.* Three vols. (Ward, Lock, and Co.).—The work completed in these handsome volumes, which are adorned with 188 coloured plates, reproduced from the fine steel engravings of Winkle's "Cathedral Churches," and with more than 150 wood-engravings inserted in the text, has much interest not alone for members of the Established Church but for all the people of England. Our national history possesses no more characteristic monuments, and our cities and towns exhibit no more dignified architectural ornaments, than the noble edifices reared between the Norman and the Tudor reigns—in some instances beginning with local Minsters or Abbeys—by the wealthy and powerful Bishops, or other prelates, who upheld with stately magnificence the grand ecclesiastical interests then serving as a counterpoise to those of the feudal system and of the Crown. Apart from religious considerations, in which Catholics and Protestants among Englishmen now claim an equal share from different points of view, with reference to the continuity of the Church in this country—our Cathedrals are nearly all that is left to us of the perfected Art which peculiarly belonged to those ages. Although stripped in many cases of their proper interior colour-decoration, though deprived of many beautiful accessories, and no longer enlivened by the gorgeous ritual and processions for which they were designed, they remain the most graceful and majestic buildings in the land, unequalled by modern imitations. Much has been done, within the past thirty or forty years, for their repair and restoration; while the study of their architecture, especially of the different successive styles frequently exemplified in parts of the same Cathedral—the Norman, the Early English Pointed, the Geometrical, the Decorated, and the Perpendicular—distinctive terms which have superseded, in some degree, the name of Gothic—is pursued with due attention. Their associations with local and provincial history, as well as those belonging to the lives of eminent men who have occupied the Episcopal Sees, and of persons entombed in the Cathedrals, have for some minds an equal or greater interest. We are told that Macaulay was accustomed to visit some of the Cathedrals every year, and that he intended to see them all, which is no small task; but anybody who cannot undertake so many journeys may learn all about them, including those of Scotland and Ireland, in addition to those of England and Wales, from the work just published. The Deans and Canons, or other members of Cathedral Chapters, and several of their architects, have lent their assistance, either in furnishing information or by revising the several accounts, which appear to be diligently and accurately compiled, and in which the modern restorations or alterations are precisely described, occasionally with a little mild criticism, appealing to the taste and judgment of the instructed reader.

*Kensington, Picturesque and Historical.* By W. J. Loftie. One vol. (Field and Tuer, Leadenhall Press).—The exquisitely fine printing and paper of this volume, and the abundance of its illustrations, drawn by Mr. W. Luker, jun., and engraved by Messrs. C. Guillaume et Cie., of Paris, afford delight to the eye; while the author, having proved his comprehensive and exact knowledge of topographical antiquities in a work of abiding value, the "History of London," commands our willing confidence in his account of one of the most interesting western suburbs. The Rev. W. J. Loftie was indeed highly qualified to write the description and history of Kensington, in which he has been aided with notes and access to collections of documentary or graphic evidence in private possession, and with ample facilities given to the artist in a similar manner. He begins, as in his book on London, with the geography of the district, noticing its physical features, the levels, slopes, hollows, and risings of the ground, and the natural water-courses, antecedent to its social history. Of this we are first informed that it was the "ton" or town of the Saxon family or tribe called the Kensingas, who settled in the western part of "Oswulf's ton," the hundred of Ossulston, in the county of Middlesex. Hence, obviously, the name of Kensington was derived, and not from any King, or from the mythical Queen Kenna. The manor, after the Norman Conquest, was held, under the Bishop of Coutances, by Alberic or Aubrey De Vere; but at his death a portion of it was given to the Abbot of Abingdon, with the advowson of the parish church, which thus became "St. Mary Abbot's." The other portions were Earl's Court, from the earldom bestowed on the Veres, who never resided there; West Town; and Nutting or Notting Hill, extending northward to Kensal-green, the name of which is conjectured to be Kensing's holt or wood. The Veres, Earls of Oxford, lost their male lineage in 1703, but the Kensington manor and estate had been sold in 1610 to Sir Walter Cope, who also purchased most of the other lands in the parish, but did not retain them. His heiress married Sir Henry Rich, a younger son of the Earl of Warwick and first Earl of Holland, the builder of Holland House. Campden Hill was the residence of Sir Baptist Hicks, a City merchant, who became Lord Campden in 1628, and who is said to have won the estate from Sir Walter Cope at a game of cards. Old Kensington House, possibly on the site of the Abbot's mansion, was rented from the Coppins by Sir Heneage Finch, Recorder of London, whose descendant, Lord Chancellor in the reign of Charles II., was created Earl of Nottingham; it was then called Nottingham House, and in 1689 was bought by William III., whence arose the Kensington Palace we know, with the pleasant gardens we enjoy. Mr. Loftie tells us enough about these matters, and shows the progress of changes by which Kensington grew from a rural village to be what Leigh Hunt called "the Old Court Suburb." He describes the palace, and the church as it was, and as it has lately been rebuilt; but his concluding chapter, "Modern Kensington," may be more attractive to some readers who care less for antiquities. Kensington-square, an old-fashioned place with literary memories of our own generation, is dealt with in a chapter on "Old Kensington." It is consecrated to Thackeray; many of us can recollect him living there. We have seen the green fields just beyond Holland House, the open country at Notting-hill, with the site of the Hippodrome race-course, and the orchards surrounding Earl's Court. Brompton was then a detached village, and South Kensington did not exist. Mr. Loftie severely criticises the architecture of the great public buildings dedicated to Science and Art, including the Natural History Museum, the Albert Hall, with the Albert Memorial, and the Technical Education Institute. In describing the mansions and studios of eminent artists—that of Sir J. E. Millais, in Palace-gate, and others—he seems to feel happier; and some illustrations of these are among the woodcuts, which amount to above three hundred, besides coloured plates, making a very ornamental book.

*The Inns of Old Southwark and their Associations.* By William Rendle, F.R.C.S., and Philip Norman, F.S.A. (Longmans).—The "Borough," which arose on the site of the ancient "Wark," or guarding fortification, on the south bank of the Thames, protecting the passage of the river at London Bridge, is one of the most interesting parts of the metropolis to an antiquarian student. It may possibly be older than London itself, as a Roman military station; but if we look no farther back

than the Early Plantagenet reigns, we find Southwark a dependency of the City, and the abode of innkeepers who entertained most of the travellers, foreigners and visitors from the southern and western shires, resorting to London for trade. No town had so many hostels, taverns, brewhouses and stables, such a multitude of horsekeepers, carters, and carriers, or such means of mercenary hospitality. The fame of some of these establishments—from Chaucer's Tabard to the White Hart, where Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Wardle surprised the runaway spinster with Jingle, her unprincipled beguiler, and where Sam Weller is first met with—has been commemorated by English writers of humorous fiction in all ages. Every phase of English society, from knights, nobles, prelates, and princes down to friars, peddlers, and beggars, has in past centuries been represented among the guests at the old inns of Southwark. We are now indebted to Mr. Rendle, an accomplished local antiquary who had previously written a book on "Old Southwark and its People," for this pleasant and instructive account of the inns, forming a goodly volume, enriched with about sixty illustrations by his fellow-worker, Mr. Norman, with the assistance of Mr. E. Morant Cox, Mr. J. C. Buckler, and other artists. Many of the engravings are copied from those in the extensive private collection of Mr. Gardner, others from those in the British Museum or in the Guildhall Library. Mr. Rendle's historical and literary work on this subject, which is endeared to him by lifelong intimate acquaintance, has considerable merits. He exercises a sound judgment on disputed questions, seeking the truth by arguments from evidence and likelihood, and gives as much positive information as he can obtain, avoiding mere speculative conjectures. In this spirit he does not hesitate to reject the notion that any part of the "Talbot," as the Tabard was called during the last two hundred years, the old building removed not very long ago, could be the same building that existed in Chaucer's time, however agreeable it might be to think so; it was burnt down in 1676, but was rebuilt on the old plan. The George, close to Guy's Hospital, is of the same date, and was of late the least altered of the old Southwark inns, but goes the way of all others; the great Southwark fire of 1676 destroyed also the original White Hart, the house which was Jack Cade's headquarters, and which is associated, as well as the Southwark Boar's Head, with Sir John Falstaff (perhaps Falstaff of the "Paston Letters.") Of the Queen's Head, the Three Tuns, the White Horse, the Chequers and White Lion, and other notable hostelleries, many particulars are set forth; and we observe, in the formerly disreputable western quarter, beyond St. Saviour's Church (St. Mary Overies), the unsavoury antecedents of Bankside. There, too, was the Bear-Garden, also Paris Garden; and there was the theatre erected by Burbage's company for the first performances of Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Walter Besant, in a story which has just commenced in one of the magazines, has taken Bankside, as it is at the present day, for the scene of the principal incidents. The nooks and corners of Southwark have many curious associations, without going on to St. George's-fields, the Dog and Duck, and the Elephant and Castle, of which Mr. Rendle has much to tell his readers.

*History of Hampton Court Palace.* Vol. II., *Stuart Times.* By Ernest Law (George Bell and Sons).—The first volume of these interesting memoirs of a former Royal residence, which exhibits more characteristic features of the seventeenth century than any other domestic interior in England always open to public view, was deservedly commended, for it is a work of accurate research enlivened with anecdotes judiciously selected and narrated. It dealt with the Tudor period, from the erection of the palace by Cardinal Wolsey, who gave it up to Henry VIII., when the great hall was built, and on to the end of Elizabeth's reign. The contents of this second volume may find an opportunity favourable to their perusal just now in connection with the present exhibition, in London, of a collection of portraits and relics of the Stuart family. James I., Charles I., and Charles II. have left at Hampton Court more abundant reminiscences of their personal habits than in any other palace still existing, since of Whitehall there remains only the stately banquet-room, transformed into the Chapel Royal. The after-glow of romantic Elizabethan renown, in the early years of King James, is displayed in an account of the splendid masque, Samuel Daniel's "Vision of the Twelve Goddesses," performed in the great hall at Hampton Court on Sunday, Jan. 8, 1604, about which time Shakespeare's company of actors, the King's comedians, also represented many plays at this palace. It is very likely, as Mr. Law observes, that both Shakespeare and Bacon were present on that occasion: which of them was the author of the plays let us not ask Mr. Ignatius Donnelly to decide. King James, whom we know as a conceited pedant and a coarse buffoon, does not appear to advantage in other passages of his life at Hampton Court; in his bullying and quibbling theological conference with the Puritan clergy, in his cruel treatment of Lady Arabella Stuart, and in his ridiculous pastime of hunting stags within the park precinct, which he regarded as noble sport. The Queen, Anne of Denmark, and her brother King Christian, who came on a visit, find place in Mr. Law's narrative, which describes the sumptuous dresses of the courtiers, the manners of foreign ambassadors, and the "beastly delights" of drunken orgies, where even the ladies "were seen to roll about in intoxication." Another gross example of the barbarous character of James's Court is the story of Coke's runaway daughter, her recapture and forced marriage to the favourite Duke of Buckingham's son. Under Charles I., who was at least a gentleman in taste and manners, though the folly of his young French Queen, on her arrival, gave her husband some trouble, life at Hampton Court was apparently more graceful, though not really happy; the Palace was adorned with fine works of art, the gardens were laid out, and other improvements were made. After his defeat in the Civil War and his surrender to the Scotch army, that unlucky King, in August, 1647, returned a prisoner to Hampton Court, from which he escaped, three months later, to the Isle of Wight, and underwent the closer imprisonment ended in January, 1649, by his death on the scaffold at Whitehall. The private interviews between his Majesty and Cromwell, while at Hampton Court, if we could ever learn what really passed in their secret conversation, would be of the greatest historical and biographical value. It was the intention of the Commonwealth Parliament to demolish this Palace; and the official survey made for that purpose is given here in an appendix. But the Lord Protector got it, in 1653, in exchange for a house in Essex belonging to him, and made it his residence till his death; here he was attended by Milton, his Latin Secretary, and here he maintained a homely household with his plain wife and grown-up children. The Hampton Court part of the life of Charles II., though less outrageous and indecent than his life in London, bore witness to the heartless and shameless profligacy of his conduct, which Mr. Law is not inclined to palliate. We have a particular account of the manner in which, aided by the sycophant Clarendon, he compelled his Queen to receive his mistress, Lady Castlemaine, in attendance on her own person. Hampton Court, which was the scene of this Royal infamy, is often mentioned in the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys; and the well-known

portraits, by Lely, of the seductive female beauties of that reign, which are suspended in the King's Chamber, attest the prevailing influence. It would be difficult to cite any remembrance of a brave or noble Royal action, a wise resolution in council, a patriotic sentiment or a just and beneficent measure, associated with the Stuarts at Hampton Court. But Charles II. did more, in a certain fashion, for the adornment of the place than he is sometimes credited with: not to speak of Verrio's decorative paintings on the ceilings and staircases, which those may admire who can, the fine avenues of lime-trees in front of the Palace were planted by this King's order, and he made the canals, often ascribed to William III., supplied with pure water brought from the river Colne, a distance of eleven miles. This volume, like the one preceding, is well furnished with copper-plate engravings, etchings, and woodcuts, some of them authentic portraits of Royal personages, others being copies of contemporary pictures of notable scenes, and others which present views and plans of different parts of the buildings and grounds. The work is to be concluded in a third volume, which will comprise the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne and of the House of Hanover, down to the present time.

The new edition of *The Year's Art, 1889* (J. S. Virtue and Co.), edited by Mr. M. B. Huish and his able assistant, Mr. A. C. Carter, marks a further advance towards an ideal Art Directory. Its varied contents are now methodically arranged, and the information given is precisely that which students, teachers, artists, and parents are most likely to require. The relations of the State to art occupy only a modest space in the volume; but the art schools of London and the provincial towns and districts, the place assigned to art teaching or drawing in our public and other large schools, are set forth in considerable detail. From these one gathers many interesting details and side-lights on the art-tendencies of our fellow-countrymen. For example, Staffordshire, Norfolk, and Devonshire, stand very high, if the number of students in art schools be taken as a fair sign of an art-tendency, whilst, on the other hand, Somersetshire, Cambridgeshire, and Herefordshire, stand very low. Manchester heads the list by an enormous majority, and is followed by Liverpool; whilst Leeds and Bradford make a creditable show. It is not, of course, possible to include everything relating to the year's art in so portable and so purchaseable a volume—and we do not expect Mr. Huish to give us a survey of Continental art—but in a book intended for English-speaking peoples, it is not asking too much to expect to find something about art in the United States. At present, the little we hear and know of American artists comes to us by way of Paris or The Hague; and we are constantly coming upon works of merit by unknown artists, who in their own country, or on the Continent, have acquired fame and distinction. If Mr. Huish would, next year, extend his very useful volume so as to include some information of what is going on in the art circles of the New World, he would be making his "Year's Art" complete. In its present form, however, it deserves encouragement from everyone interested in art and artists.

## CHEAP FOOD.

Mr. Daniel Tallerman gave, at the Cannon-street Hotel, on Jan. 24, the last of a series of four lectures on "Food Preparation and Distribution; with special reference to children's meals, and meals for the employees of factories and other establishments." Mr. A. M'Arthur, M.P., presided, and, having briefly opened the proceedings, Mr. Tallerman delivered his lecture.

He maintained that our home-grown food resources were not utilised to the extent they might be; and he contended that it was quite possible, by the exercise of common-sense and forethought, to bring producers and consumers into direct communication, to the great advantage of both; that definite assurances from consumers to producers to purchase regularly would lead to beneficial results; and that in the provision of meals for children at schools or working men at their labour, a considerable amount of good would arise by combination on the part of those interested to effect jointly the object they had in view. He also suggested the formation of a committee composed of representatives of the various societies for providing funds for children's dinners, for the purpose of jointly purchasing the materials for their meals in wholesale quantities, instead of by the present system of retail buying. In conclusion, he expressed his readiness to forward copies of the lectures he had delivered to all who were interested in the question he had brought before the conferences.

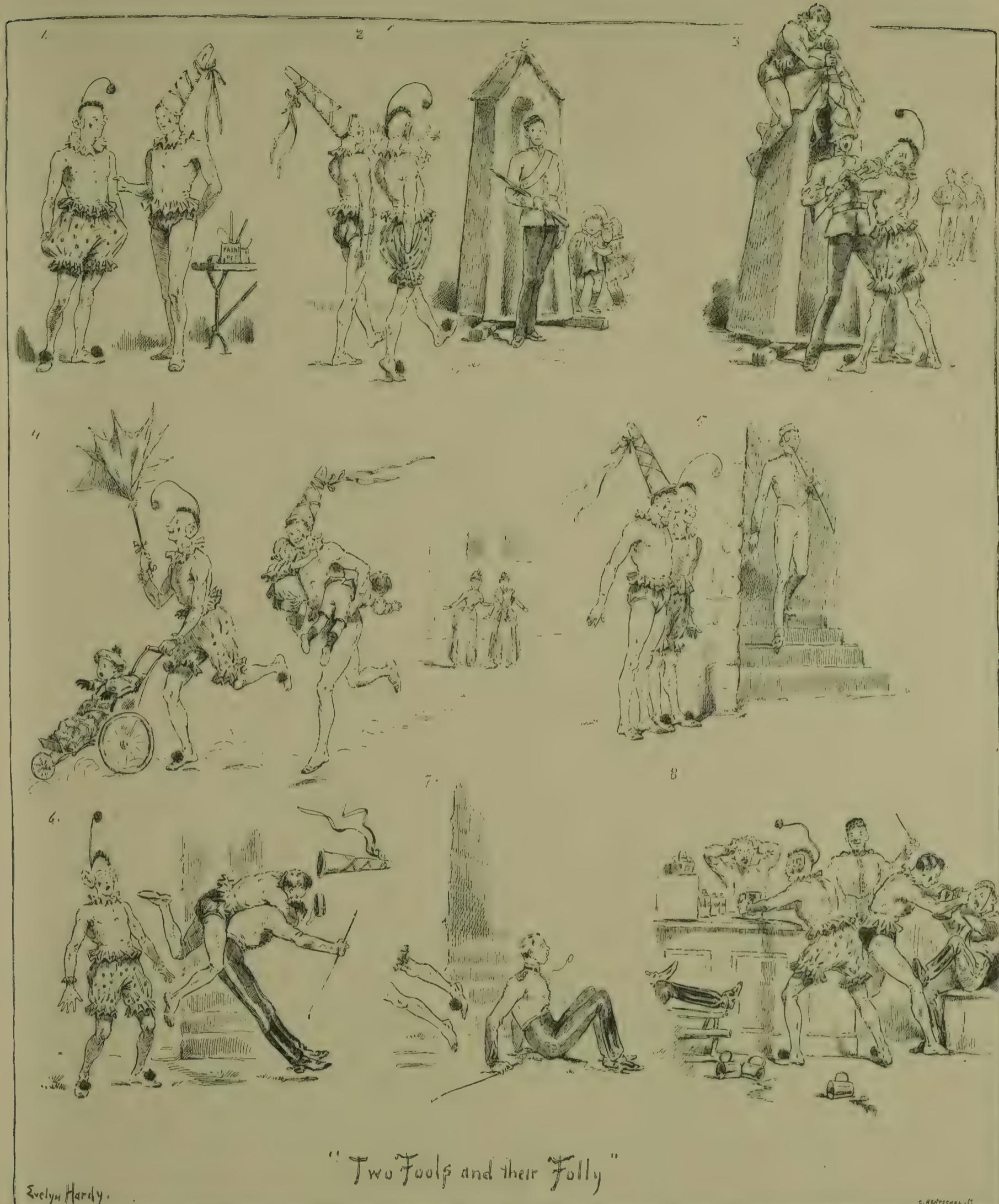
In the discussion which followed, the chairman and other speakers recognised the value of Mr. Tallerman's suggestions. Mr. Jeffs, of the Lamb and Flag Ragged-Schools, however, said he was rather inclined to think that there was a good deal of theory in what the lecturer had said which would be exploded in practice—a view in reply to which Mr. Tallerman stated that he would be glad to take a contract to supply the public with meat without bone at fourpence a pound. He would undertake to say that the farmers would supply the meat direct at that price, and that they would make £5 per beast more than they did now by sending their meat to market.

At the close of the conference the chairman spoke of the importance of the subject brought before the meeting, and expressed his pleasure that the School Board of London and of other places had taken up the subject of cookery. A vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer, and a resolution was afterwards passed in favour of the formation of the committee suggested by Mr. Tallerman.

The Board of Trade have awarded a gold watch to Captain Johan Louis Nicolich, master of the Austrian barque *Phison*, in recognition of his services in rescuing the crew of the brig *Lizzie Waters*, of Sunderland, which was wrecked in the North Sea, on Nov. 15 last.

A donation of £500 has been subscribed by the Hon. Francis Baring to meet five other similar amounts promised to the Vauxhall Park Fund. The funds necessary to secure the ground have not yet, however, been provided; and the Kyre Society requires a considerable sum for laying out the land. Full particulars can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, the Rev. Walter Edwards, Fawcett House, South Lambeth-road, S.W.

The operations of the branch of the London University Extension Society started in Chelsea last October have proved very successful. The committee arranged for two courses, one in the evening on "Electricity," by Mr. Lant Carpenter, and one in the afternoon on "Modern History," by Dr. Gardner. The attendance at both courses largely exceeded anticipation. It has now been decided to add a third course for the ensuing term, and Mr. H. Llewellyn Smith, one of the Toynbee Trust lecturers, will give ten lectures on "Wealth and Industry" on Tuesday evenings, the programme of which will, it is hoped, interest all classes of the community in Chelsea and elsewhere—the first lecture being given on Jan. 29. On Friday evenings, Mr. J. D. McClure will give a course of lectures on "Astronomy," with lantern illustrations; and on Monday afternoons Dr. Gardner continues his lectures on "Modern History," commencing with the year 1805.



*"Two Fools and their Folly"*

Evelyn Hardy.

C. HENSCHEL, J.S.

1. The usual Christy Minstrel Entertainment about to take place in Barracks; the two clowns, being rather more than up to time, determine to do a little business on their own account.

2. They begin by graciously saluting the sentry.  
3. And distinguish themselves by extinguishing him.  
4. The Sergeant's infant was subject to fits for more than a week after.

5. "Let's have him, Bill, whoever he is!"  
6. "Got you now, old chap!"  
7. "The Captain! by George! We're in for it now!"  
8. They rush to the canteen, to drown their fright and horror.

AN INTERLUDE OF BARRACK LIFE.

"Tommy Atkins," the typical "private" soldier of the British Army, whose indulgences when he is invalided in hospital, and when the docility of a suffering patient is exchanged for the idleness of a convalescent, were illustrated by Miss Evelyn Hardy's humorous Sketches, reappears this week in another kind of frolic. Much is wisely and kindly done by regimental commanding officers in barracks to promote harmless recreation among the young men assembled under their care; and private theatricals, amateur concerts, readings of tales and poetry, are some of the intellectual entertainments provided for them. Anything in the way of a pantomime, or a Christy Minstrel performance, with droll and grotesque personal disguises, is sure to be a popular amusement. Two of the intending performers, one fairly got up as a clown, the other lightly attired for rare feats of agility, but rather encumbered with a preposterous high-peaked hat, seem to have an hour to spare before they are called upon the stage. Their spirits are so prematurely excited that they cannot resist

the temptation to tease the sentinel on guard in front of his sentry-box, and having once begun to violate regimental discipline and military decorum by insulting his steadiness with gibing words and gestures, these reprehensible wags proceed to more violent outrages. One wrests his rifle from his hands, while the other, climbing to the top of the box, attempts to invest the sentinel's head with that peculiar fool's cap to which we have alluded, and the like of which is seen nowhere but in a crowd of revellers at a rustic fair. The sentinel bravely struggles and calls for rescue, when two other soldiers, hardly concealing their merriment, slowly approach, and the arrival of these witnesses induces the tormentors to desist from so gross a military offence. They are next seen, in another part of the barrack-ground, returning triumphant from a charge they have made on certain infantry, the little children of a married sergeant, who are ruthlessly captured, along with a perambulator and a parasol, from the custody of two nursemaids, and are carried off screaming as prisoners of war. The adventure having ended in pacific negotiations with the young women, not im-

probably in the payment of an unwilling kiss for ransom, the two roysterers, feeling themselves not in uniform and free from ordinary restraint on their behaviour, propose to waylay a sober comrade as he comes down-stairs, and to leap upon his back when he emerges from the barrack-door. Presently, they hear a descending step, and a figure in uniform, which they do not at first distinctly recognise, passes close before them as they lurk in ambush round the corner of the wall. The more nimble of the Tommy Atkinses incontinently springs up behind this innocent person, losing his tall hat in the flight, and grapples him round the neck, tumbling with him to the ground, where they roll over each other, till recognising the Captain in him whom they have attacked, they run away in consternation. But having taken counsel together, and relying on the officer's good-nature, they return to explain their mistake; and, the apology being generously accepted, they obtain further consolation from a jug of beer at the canteen, after which, it is to be hoped, they proceed with the more regular part of the evening's entertainment, conducted in a proper manner.

## CLEOPATRA:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE  
OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS  
SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## CHAPTER VI.

OF THE INITIATION OF HARMACHIS; OF HIS VISIONS;  
OF HIS PASSING TO THE CITY THAT IS IN THE  
PLACE OF DEATH; AND OF THE DECLARATIONS OF  
ISIS, THE MESSENGER.



silence we passed into the Shrine of Isis. Dark it was and bare—only the feeble light from the lamp gleamed faintly upon the sculptured walls, where, in a hundred effigies, the Holy Mother suckled the Holy Child. The Priest closed the doors and bolted them. "Once again," he said: "art thou ready, Harmachis?"

"Once again," I answered, "I am ready."

He spoke no more; but, having lifted up his hands in prayer, led me to the centre of the Holy, and with a swift motion put out the lamp.

"Look before thee, O Harmachis!" he cried; and his voice sounded hollow in the solemn place.

I gazed and saw nothing. But from the niche that is high in the wall, wherein is hid the sacred symbol of the Goddess on which few may look, there came a sound as of the rattling rods of the sistrum.\* And as I listened, awestruck, behold! I saw the outline of the symbol drawn as with fire upon the blackness of the air. Above my head it hung, and rattled while it hung. And as it turned, clearly I saw the face of the Mother Isis that is graven on the one side, and signifies unending birth, and the face of her holy sister, Nephthys, that is graven on the other, and signifies the ending of all birth in death.

Slowly it turned and swung as though some mystic dancer trod the air above me, and shook it in her hand. But at length the light went out, and the rattling ceased.

Then of a sudden the end of the chamber became luminous, and in that white light I beheld picture after picture. I saw the ancient Nile rolling through deserts to the sea. There were no men upon its banks, nor any signs of man, nor any Temples to the Gods. Only wild birds moved on Sihor's lonely face, and monstrous brutes plunged and swallowed in his waters. The sun sank in majesty behind the Libyan Desert and stained the waters red; the mountains towered up towards the silent sky; but in mountain, desert, and river there was no sign of human life. And then I knew that I saw the world as it had been before man was, and a terror of its loneliness entered my soul.

The picture passed and another rose up in its place. Once again I saw the banks of Sihor, and on them crowded wild-faced creatures, partaking of the nature of the ape more than of the nature of mankind. They fought and slew each other. The wild birds sprang up in affright as the fire leapt from reed huts given by foemen's hands to flame and pillage. They stole and rent and murdered, dashing out the brains of children with axes of stone. And, though no voice told me, I knew that I saw man as he was tens of thousands of years ago, when first he marched across the earth.

Yet another picture. Once again I saw the banks of Sihor; but on them fair cities bloomed like flowers. In and out their gates went men and women, and laden asses passing to and fro from wide, well-tilled lands. But I saw no guards or armies, and no weapons of war. All was wisdom, prosperity, and peace. And, while I wondered, a glorious figure, clad in raiment that shone as flame, came from the gates of a shrine, and the sound of music went before and followed after him. He mounted an ivory throne which was set in a market-place facing the water: and as the sun set called all the multitudes to prayer. With one voice they prayed, bending in adoration. And I understood that herein was shown the reign of the Gods on earth, which was long before the days of Menes.

A change came over the dream. Still the same fair city, but other men—men with greed and evil on their faces—who hated the bonds of righteous doing, and set their hearts on sin. The evening came; the glorious figure mounted the throne and called to prayer, but none bowed themselves in adoration.

"We are a-weary of thee!" they cried. "Make Evil King! Slay him! slay him! and loose the bonds of Evil! Make Evil King!"

Mightily uprose the glorious shape, gazing with mild eyes upon those wicked ones.

"Ye know not what ye ask," he cried; "but as ye will, so be it! For if I die, by me shall ye once again, after much travail, find a path to the Kingdom of Good!"

Even as he spoke, a form, foul and hideous to behold, leapt upon him, cursing, slew him, tore him limb from limb, and amidst the clamour of the people sat himself upon the throne and ruled. But a shape whose face was veiled passed down from heaven on shadowy wings, and with lamentations gathered up the rent fragments of the Being. A moment she bent herself upon them, then lifted up her hands and wept. And as she wept, behold! from her side there sprang a warrior armed and with a face like the face of Ra (the Sun) at noon. With a shout he, the Avenger, hurled himself upon the monster who had usurped the throne, and they closed in battle, and struggling ever in a strait embrace, passed upward to the skies.

Then came picture after picture. I saw powers and peoples clad in various robes and speaking many tongues. I saw them pass and pass and pass in millions—loving, hating, struggling, dying. Some few were happy and some had woe stamped upon their faces; but most bore not the seal of happiness nor of woe, but rather that of patience. And ever as they passed from age to age, high above in the heavens the Avenger fought

on with the Evil Thing, while the scale of victory swung now here now there. But neither conquered, nor was it given to me to know how the battle ended.

And I understood that what I had beheld was the holy vision of the struggle between the Good and the Evil powers. I saw that man was created vile, but those who are above took pity on him, and came down to him to make him good and happy, for the two things are one thing. But man returned again to his wicked way, and then did the bright spirit of Good, who is of us called Osiris, but who hath many names, offer himself up for the evil-doing of the race that had dethroned him. And from him and the Divine Mother, of whom all is, sprang another spirit who is the Protector of us on earth, as Osiris is our justifier in Amenti.

For this is the mystery of the Osiris.

Of a sudden, as I saw the visions, these things became clear to me. The mummy cloths of symbol and of ceremony that wrap Osiris round fell from him, and I understood the secret of religion.

The pictures passed, and once again the Priest, my guide, spoke to me.

"Hast thou understood, Harmachis, those things which it hath been granted thee to see?"

"I have," I said. "Are the rites ended?"

"Nay, they are but begun. That which follows must thou endure alone! Behold I leave thee, to return at the morning light. Once more I warn thee. That which thou shalt see, few may look upon and live. In all my days have I known but three who dared to face this dread hour, and of those three at dawn but one was found alive. Myself, I have not trod this path. It is too high for me."

"Depart," I said; "my soul is athirst for knowledge. I will dare it."

He laid his hand upon my head and blessed me. He went. I heard the door shut to behind him, the echoes of his footsteps slowly died away. Then I felt that I was alone, alone in the Holy place with things which are not of the earth. Silence fell—silence deep and black as the darkness which was around me. The silence fell, it gathered as the cloud gathered on the face of the moon that night when, a lad, I prayed upon the Pylon towers. It gathered denser and yet more dense till it seemed to creep into my heart and call aloud therein: for utter silence has a voice that is more terrible than the voice of any cry. I spoke; the echoes of my words came back upon me from the walls and seemed to beat me down. The stillness was lighter to endure than an echo such as this. What was I about to see? Should I die, even now, in the fullness of my youth and strength? Terrible were the warnings that had been given to me. I was fear-stricken, and bethought me that I would fly. Fly!—fly whither? The Temple door was barred; I could not fly. I was alone with the Godhead, alone with the Power that I had invoked. Nay, my heart was pure—my heart was pure! I would face the terror that was to come, ay, even though I died.

"Isis, Holy Mother," I prayed. "Isis, Spouse of Heaven, come unto me, be with me now. I faint! be with me now."

And then I knew that things were not as things had been. The air around me began to stir, it rustled as the wings of eagles rustle, it took life. Bright eyes gazed upon me, strange whispers shook my soul. Upon the darkness were bars of light. They changed and interchanged, they moved to and fro and wove mystic symbols which I could not read. Swifter and swifter flew that shuttle of the light; the symbols grouped, gathered, faded, gathered yet again, faster and still more fast, till my eyes could no more count them. Now I was afloat upon a sea of glory: it surged and rolled, as the ocean rolls; it tossed me high, it brought me low. Glory was piled on glory, splendour heaped on splendour's head, and I rode above it all.

Soon the lights began to pale in the rolling sea of air. Great shadows shot across it, lines of darkness pierced it and rushed together on its breast, till, at length, I only was a shape of flame set like a star on the bosom of immeasurable night. Bursts of awful music gathered from far away. Miles and miles away I heard them, thrilling faintly through the gloom. On they came, nearer and more near, louder and more loud, till they swept past above, below, around me, swept on rushing pinions, terrifying and enchanting me. They floated by, ever growing fainter, till they died in space. Then others came, and no two were akin. Some rattled as ten thousand sistra shaken all to tune. Some rang from the brazen throats of unnumbered clarions. Some pealed with a loud, sweet chant of voices that were more than human; and some rolled along in the slow thunder of a million drums. They passed; their notes were lost in dying echoes; and the awful silence once more pressed in upon me and overcame me.

The strength within me began to fail. I felt my life ebbing at its springs. Death drew near to me and his shape was Silence. He entered at my heart, entered with a sense of numbing cold, but my brain was still alive, I could yet think. I knew that I was drawing near the confines of the dead. Nay, I was dying fast, and oh, the horror of it! I strove to pray and could not; there was no more time for prayer. One struggle and the stillness crept into my brain. The terror passed; an unfathomable weight of sleep pressed me down. I was dying, I was dying, and then—nothingness!

*I was dead!*  
A change—life came back to me, but between the new life and the life that had been was a gulf and difference. Once more I stood in the darkness of the shrine, but it blinded me no more. It was clear as the light of day, although it still was black. I stood; and yet it was not I who stood, but rather my spiritual part, for at my feet lay my dead self. There it lay, rigid and still, a stamp of awful calm sealed upon its face, while I gazed on it.

And as I gazed, filled with wonder, I was caught up on the Wings of Flame and whirled away! away! faster than the lightning flash. Down I fell, through depths of empty space set here and there with glittering crowns of stars. Down for ten million miles and ten times ten million, till at length I hovered over a place of soft unchanging light, wherein were Temples, Palaces, and Abodes, such as no man ever saw in the wildest visions of his sleep. They were built of Flame, and they were built of Blackness. Their spires pierced up and up; their great courts stretched around. Even as I hovered they changed continually to the eye; what was flame became blackness, what was blackness became flame. Here was the flash of crystal, and there the blaze of gems shone even through the glory that rolls around the city which is in the Place of Death. There were trees, and their voice as they rustled was the voice of music; there was air, and as it blew, its breath was the sobbing notes of song.

Shapes, changing, mysterious, wonderful, rushed up to meet me, and bore me down till I seemed to stand upon another earth.

"Who comes?" cried a great voice.

"Harmachis," answered the Shapes, that changed continually. "Harmachis who hath been summoned from the earth to look upon the face of Her, that Was, and Is, and Shall Be. Harmachis, Child of Earth!"

"Throw back the Gates and open wide the Doors!" pealed the awful voice. "Throw back the Gates and open wide the Doors. Seal up his lips in silence, lest his voice jar upon the harmonies of heaven; take away his sight, lest he see that which may not be seen, and let Harmachis, who hath been summoned, pass down the path that leads to the place of the Unchanging. Pass on, Child of Earth; but, before thou goest, look up that thou mayest learn how far thou art removed from earth."

I looked up. Beyond the glory that shone about the city was black night, and high on its bosom twinkled one tiny star. "Behold the world that thou hast left," said the voice, "behold and tremble."

Then my lips and eyes were touched and sealed with silence and with darkness, so that I was dumb and blind. And the Gates rolled back, the Doors swung wide, and I was swept into the city that is in the Place of Death. Swiftly I was swept I know not whither, till at length I stood upon my feet. Again the great voice pealed:

"Draw the veil of blackness from his eyes, unseal the silence on his lips, that Harmachis, Child of Earth, may see, hear, and understand, and make adoration at the shrine of Her, that Was, and Is, and Shall Be."

And my lips and eyes were touched once more, so that my sight and speech came back.

Behold! I stood within a hall of blackest marble, so lofty that scarce even in the rosy light could my vision reach the great groins of the roof. Music wailed about its spaces, and all down its length stood winged spirits fashioned in living flame, and such was the brightness of their forms that I could not look thereon. In its centre was an altar, small and square, and I stood before the empty altar. Then again the voice cried—

"O Thou that hast been, art, and shalt be; Thou who, having many names, art yet without a name; Measurer of Time; Guardian of the Worlds, and the Races that dwell thereon; Universal Mother born of Nothingness; Creatrix un-created; Living Splendour without Form, Living Form without Substance; Servant of the Invisible; Child of Law; Holder of the Scales and Sword of Fate; Vessel of Life, from whom all Life is, to whom it again is gathered; Recorder of Things Done; Executor of Decrees—hear! Harmachis the Egyptian, who by Thy will hath been summoned from the earth, waits before Thine Altar, with ears unstopped, with eyes unsealed, and with an open heart. Hear and descend! Descend, O Many-shaped! Descend in Flame! Descend in Sound! Descend in Spirit! Hear and descend!"

The voice ceased and there was silence. Presently, moved thereto by I know not what, I raised my eyes from between my hands wherewith I had covered them, and I saw hanging over the Altar a small dark cloud, in and out of which a fiery serpent climbed.

Then all the Spirits clad in flame fell upon the marble floor, and with a loud voice adored; but what they said I could not understand. Behold! the dark cloud came down and rested on the Altar, the Serpent of fire stretched itself towards me and with its forked tongue touched me on the forehead and was gone. From within the cloud a voice sweet and low and clear spoke in heavenly accents:

"Depart, ye Ministers, leave me with my servant whom I have summoned."

Then like arrows rushing from a bow the flame-clad Spirits leapt from the ground and sped away.

"O Harmachis," said the voice, "be not afraid. I am She whom thou dost know as Isis of the Egyptians; but what else I am strive not thou to learn—it is beyond thy strength. For I am all things, all Life is my spirit, and all Nature is my raiment. I am the daughter of the child, I am the maiden's love, I am the mother's kiss. I am the Child and Servant of the Invisible that is God, that is Law, that is Fate—though myself I be not God and Fate and Law. When winds blow and oceans roar upon the face of Earth thou hearest my voice; when thou gazest on the starry firmament thou seest my countenance; when the spring blooms out in flowers, that is my smile, Harmachis. For I am Nature's self, and all her shapes are shapes of Me. I breathe in all that breathes. I wax and wane in the changeful moon. I grow and gather in the tides. I rise with the suns. I flash with the lightning and thunder in the storms. Nothing is too great for the measure of my majesty, nothing is so small that I cannot find a home therein. I am in thee and thou art in Me, O Harmachis; that which bade thee be, bade Me also be. Therefore, though I am great and thou art little, have no fear. For we are bound together by the common bond of life—that life which flows through suns and stars and spaces, through spirits and the souls of men, welding all Nature to a whole that, changing ever, is yet eternally the same."

I bowed my head—I could not speak, for I was fear-smitten. "Faithfully hast thou served Me, O my servant," went on the low sweet voice: "greatly hast thou longed to be brought face to face with Me here in Amenti; and greatly hast thou dared to accomplish thy desire. For it is no small thing to cast off the tabernacle of the flesh and, before the appointed time, if only for an hour, put on the raiment of the spirit. And greatly, O my servant, have I, too, desired to look on thee here where I am. For the Gods love those who love them, but with a wider and a deeper love, and under One who is as far from Me as I am from thee, mortal, I am a God of Gods. Therefore I have caused thee to be brought hither, Harmachis; and therefore I speak to thee, my servant, and bid thee commune with Me now face to face, as thou didst commune that night upon the Temple towers of Abouthis. For I was there with thee, Harmachis, as I was in ten thousand other worlds. It was I, O Harmachis, who laid the lotus in thy hand, giving thee the sign which thou didst seek. For thou art of the kingly blood of those who served Me from age to age. And if thou dost not fail thou shalt sit upon that kingly throne and restore my ancient worship in its purity, and sweep my temples from their defilements. But if thou dost fail, then shall Isis become but a memory in Egypt."

The voice paused; and, gathering up my strength, at length I spoke aloud.

"Tell me, O Holy," I said, "shall I then fail?"

"Ask Me not," answered the voice, "that which it is not lawful that I should answer thee. Perchance I can read that which shall befall thee, perchance it doth not please me so to read. What can it profit the Divine that hath all time wherein to await the issues, to be eager to look upon the blossom that is not blown, but which, lying a seed in the bosom of the earth, shall blow in its season? Know, Harmachis, that I do not shape the Future; the Future is to thee and not to Me; for it is born of Law and of the rule ordained of the Invisible. Yet art thou free to act therein, and thou shalt win or thou shalt fail according to thy strength and the measure of thy heart's purity. Thine be the burden, O Harmachis, as thine in the event shall be the glory or the shame. Little do I reck of the issue, I who am but the Minister of what is written. Now hear me. Always will I be with thee, my servant, for my love once given can never be taken away, though by sin it may seem lost to thee. Remember then this. If thou dost triumph, great shall be thy guerdon; if thou dost fail, heavy indeed shall be thy punishment, both

\* A musical instrument peculiarly sacred to Isis of which the shape and rods had a mystic significance.—ED.



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

Then of a sudden the end of the chamber became luminous, and in that wild white light I beheld picture after picture. I saw the primæval Nile rolling through deserts to the sea. There were no men upon its banks, nor any signs of man, nor any Temples to the Gods: only wild birds moved on Sihor's lonely face, and monstrous brutes plunged and wallowed in his waters.

in the flesh and in the land that thou callest Amenti. Yet this for thy comfort: shame and agony shall not be eternal. For, however deep the fall from righteousness, if but repentance holds the heart, there is a path—a stony and a cruel path—whereby the height may be climbed again. Let it not be thy lot to follow it, Harmachis! And now, because thou hast loved me, my servant, and, wandering through the maze of fable, wherein men lose themselves upon the earth, mistaking the substance for the spirit, and the altar for the God, hast yet grasped a clue of Truth the Many-faced—and because I love thee and look on to the day that, perchance, shall come when thou shalt dwell blessed in my light and

in the doing of my holy tasks:—because of this, I say, it shall be given to thee, O Harmachis, to look upon the face of Isis—even into the eyes of the Messenger, and not die the death. *Behold!*!"

The sweet voice ceased; the dark cloud upon the altar changed and changed—it grew white, it shone, and seemed at length to take the shrouded shape of woman. Then the golden snake crept from its heart once more, and, like a living diadem, twined itself about the cloudy brows.

Now suddenly the vapours burst and melted, and with my eyes I saw that Glory, at the very thought of which my spirit faints. But what I saw it is not lawful to utter. For,

though I have been bidden to write what I have written of this matter, perchance that a record may remain, thereon have I been warned—aye, even now, after these many years. I saw, and what I saw cannot be imagined; for there are Glories and there are Shapes which are beyond the reach of man's imagination. I saw—then, with the memory of that sight stamped for ever on my heart, my spirit failed me, and I sank down before the Glory.

And as I fell, it seemed that the great hall burst open and crumbled into flakes of fire around me. Then there was a sound as the sound of worlds rushing down the cataracts of Time—and I knew no more!

(To be continued.)

## THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

## SECOND NOTICE.

Sir Benjamin West, the second President of the Royal Academy, is not represented by any work in the present Exhibition; but his successor—Sir Thomas Lawrence—has two pictures of secondary interest—one the study of a lady's head (153), perhaps Mrs. Jens Wolff, the wife of the Danish Consul—and the other a three-quarter-length portrait of Lord Castlereagh (126), which, at the time of its exhibition, was the cause of great annoyance to the courtier-artist. In 1810 he had painted a portrait of the same statesman which had been exhibited at the Royal Academy, and, by ill-luck, the then art-critic of the *Morning Chronicle* was an Irish gentleman who had been sentenced to stand in the pillory at Dublin at the time that Lord Castlereagh was secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. The critic did not throw away his opportunity of expressing his feelings of the original without much regard to those of the artist. Perry, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, was a friend of Lawrence, and he was probably sincerely sorry for the occurrence; but, as ill-luck would have it, when the present picture was exhibited four years later, the same writer was sent to review the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and, instead of finding balm for his wounded feelings, Lawrence read the following notice, in much of which, but for different reasons, we are forced to concur:—"Portrait of Lord Castlereagh (23) by Lawrence is not a likeness. It has a smug, smart haberdasher look, of which there is nothing in Lord Castlereagh. The air of the whole figure is direct and forward; there is nothing, as there ought to be, characteristically circuitous, involved and parenthetical in it, &c." But at the time this picture was painted, Hoppner, the son of a German in the Royal household, was the protégé of the Prince Regent, as Sir William Beechey was of the King and Queen Charlotte. The portraits of Lord Godolphin (177), the second son of the fifth Duke of Leeds, and of his wife, Lady Godolphin (17), a daughter of Lord Auckland, are fair specimens of the conventional simplicity of Beechey's style. Hoppner is better represented; although the Lady May Lennox (114) and the Mrs. Arbuthnot (110) display a certain monotony of treatment in pose and colour. But the portrait of William Gifford, the first editor of the *Quarterly*, and the author of the "Baviad" and the "Mæviad," is a firm and vigorous rendering of a man who was noted in his time for many excellent qualities, amongst which soft-heartedness was not included. Opie, the "Cornish wonder," shows well by the side of his contemporaries, both as colourist and draughtsman. His portrait of Mrs. Ollivant (72), the mother of the late Bishop of Llandaff, was painted about 1803, when Opie was not far from the end of his short career. It shows, certainly, some falling off from the strength which characterises the portrait of Dr. Johnson (77), lent by Mr. Humphrey Ward. From the note in the Catalogue we are led to infer this portrait was that from which the engraving prefixed to the folio edition of the "Dictionary" is taken. If, however, we are not mistaken, the portrait engraved in 1786, and published by Harrison, "from an original painting by Opie," represents the Doctor seated three-quarter face to left, whereas in this work the face is turned in the opposite direction. The so-called Harrison portrait was, we believe, the property of the Rev. H. A. Hole, the Rector of Okehampton, an early friend of Opie, and it was recently in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. James. The portraits of Silvanius Padley (2) and his twin sisters (169) are among the most graceful of Opie's works, and were painted at Swansea, when on a visit to Dr. Walcot ("Peter Pindar"), his first patron, in 1783. Of the three works attributed to Sir Henry Raeburn, that of the nameless lady (74), lent by Mr. Orrock, is the most attractive in every respect—a charming face, set in curls, and surrounded by dark foliage. As for the portrait of Lady Inchiquin (69), it has none of the vigorous qualities which recall Raeburn's work; and it is wanting in that finesse of perception by which his better portraits are characterised. The portrait of Sir Walter Scott (164) as a young boy in a Highland dress must, we think, be placed among works of imagination. Scott, as we know, was born in 1771; and Raeburn left Edinburgh in 1778, not returning thither until 1787. It is just possible to conceive that, in the few weeks of 1778 which Scott passed at the High School, where he had been entered on his return from Bath, he might have sat to Raeburn; but, in that case, he would have been much younger than his portrait suggests, and the event was one which Scott would have recollected when he wrote his autobiography, of which his biographer would have recalled. Both are silent on this sitting to Raeburn; and as a matter of fact, the only two portraits of Sir Walter by Raeburn are the full-length portrait belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, painted in 1808, and one bust-size, painted in 1823, belonging to the Raeburn family. Whilst at Bath, a miniature of Scott as a little boy was done by an unknown artist—but it had nothing in common with the present full-length figure—and represented Scott in profile and wearing a scarlet dress. The first oil painting of him was done by Saxon in 1803, and represents him three-quarter-length, in a black coat. Of Romney's work there are no less than fourteen attributed specimens. There is no doubt that he was a remarkably prolific painter, and after the death of Cotes, whose disciple he was in a certain sense, he occupied a prominent position among the fashionable portrait-painters of the day. In his own time, however, he never obtained that high rank which has been assigned to him of late years. Reynolds either cordially disliked him or was jealous of his powers, and the result was that Romney never exhibited at the Royal Academy and never became one of its members. Of the pictures here seen the portrait of Mrs. Jordan (20), in a white muslin dress and small white cap, gives the best idea of his attractive way of treating the female face—that of Miss Sage (99) shows his little sympathy with children—although he succeeded better with them in his more imaginative work. But by far the most interesting of all is the portrait of himself (151) as a comparatively young man, in whose face there is a sort of restless energy which might well be regarded as indicative of his subsequent fate. In any case, this personal impression of the painter as he saw himself is exceedingly attractive, and might well find a place in our National Portrait Gallery when it emerges from its present eclipse.

The "Norwich School" is fully represented, not only by the orthodox set, but by many of its offshoots; but we can only reach it by passing Richard Wilson, the father of English landscapes. For a long time his stern classicism rendered his works unattractive in the eyes of those who had seen Gainsborough and Constable. But Wilson began to paint before the former was known. It is true that he first tried his hand with portraits and failed; and in 1749 he set off for Italy, where, under the tuition of Zuccarelli at Venice, he rapidly developed that talent which won for him the praise and encouragement of Joseph Vernet, the French artist, who hastened to proclaim in Paris the merits of the "English Claude." Among the half-dozen pictures in the Grosvenor Gallery is a view of "Sion House" (44), lent by Mr. Hollingsworth, which is not only a very capital specimen of Wilson's work, but is identical in subject, if not the picture itself, which Wilson was

commissioned to paint for George III. Lord Bute, who acted as emissary on this occasion, told the painter that the price he asked—sixty guineas—was far too high. Wilson angrily replied that if the King could not pay that sum all at once he might discharge the debt by instalments; and for ever after he was out of Court favour. Wilson's careful measured work, with its delicate sense of atmosphere, is in strong contrast with Morland's good-tempered, jovial realism, in which he found expression in the stable (63), the field (28), and the boudoir (55). To return, however, to the Norwich school, properly so-called, "Old" Crome, who heads the company, unfortunately had so many imitators that the works attributed to his brush are not unfrequently looked upon, and justly, with suspicion. "The Gibraltar Watering-Place" (51), a bit of the back river at Norwich, recalls so vividly other well-authenticated works of Old Crome that we may fairly accept and admire it as one of the vigorous products of his earlier years—before his foliage had acquired that metallic tone which so often mars the beauty of his luminous landscapes. Of his son, J. B. Crome, there are no specimens in the present exhibition; but, as a compensation, George Vincent, John Sell Cotman, James Stark, and we may add Patrick Nasmyth, although a Scotchman by birth, all show well in that line of clear Dutch landscape work which did so much to keep up the level of the English school of painting. Bonington, who almost passes for a Frenchman, is not seen to advantage as a colourist either in the scene from "The Bride of Lammermoor" (10) or in that from "Quentin Durward" (18), and in the latter the drawing of the principal figures is decidedly weak; but in the shore scene (32)—a sandy beach under a golden setting sun—we get a faint glimpse of his powers in atmospheric effect. Of Turner's work, quite the most interesting is the view of "High-street, Oxford" (31), taken from nearly the end of Magdalen Bridge. It belongs to quite the early period of his work, when architectural drawing had charm for him, and it illustrates very remarkably Turner's sympathy with beauty in every form.

Of the other artists and of their works, with which the rooms are well stocked, it is unnecessary to speak at length. A pleasant hour's study may be spent in watching the various turns of English art, its efforts to free itself from one trammel or another, its occasional falling back into the grooves of conventionalism, and at all times its saving grace—the study and love of Nature.

The small collection of water-colour drawings illustrating "The Queen's Navy" now on view at the Fine-Art Society's Galleries (148, New Bond-street) have an additional interest on account of the election of the artist, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, as an Associate of the Royal Academy. Most of these works are spirited and gay—which is not to be wondered at seeing that some of them were painted during the long spell of lovely weather which graced the Queen's Jubilee. In his renderings of the brilliant scene at Spithead Mr. Wyllie has had a good opportunity of indulging his love of bright colour and flashing, glittering water, and he shows, too, how well a landsman can master the lines, if not the ropes, of a ship of war. His skies are not equal to his seas, and, although during his long cruise with the blockading squadron off the coast of Ireland last summer he must have seen weather of all sorts, there is a certain monotony in his work which mars its many attractions. In spite of this defect, which, of course, only strikes one when so many pictures dealing with the same subject are brought together, the collection is a highly interesting one, and will give to those "who dwell at home at ease" some pleasant and unexpected revelations of life on the ocean wave, and of the conditions under which naval warfare is now carried on.

In the same gallery there is also to be seen a very remarkable collection of photographs which have gained prizes at exhibitions elsewhere. The high perfection to which photography has now been brought forces the art world to admit it into its precincts, and no one who goes round this room can fail to be struck with the artistic and pictorial merit of a large number of the works. It is almost impossible to select the most attractive works—for individual tastes are so different—and it is unnecessary, in face of the judges' decision, to indicate the best. Since some, which might well be reckoned in the former category, have failed to secure a place in the "official" list, we may especially notice Messrs. Green's "Grasmere and Rydal" (14) as specimens of landscapes, Mr. H. P. Robinson's "Carolling" (5) as instances of figures, Mr. R. Faulkner's "Studies of Expression" (55), Mr. G. Davison's "Sussex Cottage" (138) and "Mapledurham Mill" (152), Mr. R. W. Robinson's "Snow, Hoar Frost, and Mist" (142), and Mr. J. T. Hurst's "Autumnal Evening" (151)—all of which would be acceptable decorations.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery there is now to be seen the proof (first state) of Mr. Mortimer Menpes's etching from Franz Hals's "Banquet of the Officers of the Archers of St. Adrian." Everyone who has been to Haarlem—and that includes everybody who cares for Franz Hals—knows this magnificent picture too well to need any description of the task which Mr. Menpes set himself to accomplish more than a year ago. Even now the plate is unfinished, but enough has been completed to enable us to guess how successful it will be when finished, and what enthusiasm it will create amongst collectors of etchings. The most remarkable part of the plate is that, in spite of its great size, it is worked throughout in dry-point, so that every line and every nuance of shadow and light have been caught and toned. In the ruffs and linen collars of the officers gathered round the table this delicate gradation is used with good effect, but in the general toning of the plate the result brings out through the black and white a sense of colour which verges on the marvellous. As a work of art Mr. Menpes's "Archers of St. Adrian" will, we think, rank among the *chefs d'œuvre* of the etcher's art in this generation, and this country may well be proud of possessing such a worthy interpreter of Hals's masterpiece.

The preachers in Westminster Abbey for February will be as follows:—Saturday, the 2nd, Purification, at three p.m. in choir, the Dean. Sunday, the 3rd, at ten a.m. in choir, the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck, Minor Canon; at three p.m. in choir, Archdeacon Farrar, "The New Life in Religion." Sunday, the 10th, at ten a.m. in choir, Canon Rowsell; at three p.m. in choir, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Head Master of Clifton College. Sunday, the 17th, at ten a.m. in choir, the Rev. Canon Whelpton, Vicar of St. Saviour's, Eastbourne; at three p.m. in choir, Canon Rowsell. Sunday, the 24th, at ten a.m. in choir, the Dean of Peterborough; at three p.m. in choir, Canon Rowsell.

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## BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

There is always a certain degree of romance and mystery pervading the hours which carry us directly from day into night. The season of the year is comparatively unimportant; the sentiment of the moment is unaffected by spring, summer, autumn, or winter. The longer the days, the longer the twilight; and the summer evening, when "fades the glimmering landscape on the sight," has from time immemorial inspired poetry with some of its most pathetic and beautiful flights. In the country the aspect of nature at these times has ever been accepted as infinitely suggestive. Scarcely anyone is insensible to its influence; whilst imaginative minds are always profoundly touched. Sensitive and emotional temperaments receive from it a teaching the most impressive; but in the pleasure experienced on such occasions one is apt to overlook the fact that there are others very similar which may give birth to kindred ideas not one whit less valuable or less humanising. Amidst trees and fields in the gloaming, it seems easy, somehow, to recognise without an effort all that can be said or sung of it. But what about twilight in the town? that intermediate state which in the labyrinth of streets may more fittingly be called "between the lights"? Away upon the country-side it is, in truth, a passage from lightness into darkness; but when we are within range of a gas or electric supply, we can hardly be said to go from light to dark, and the fading of the daylight and the oncoming of the gaslight have hardly a right to be called twilight. The interval is essentially "between the lights," and as such can claim a sentiment and poetry all its own. Pure twilight, when regarded from a rural standpoint, invariably gives birth to sensations more or less saddening; but in the city the period "between the lights" generally evokes feelings the very reverse. It carries with it ideas of snug and curtained comfort; of home and all its domestic joys. Pictures rise before the mind involuntarily of pleasant evenings to be spent in quiet occupations round bright fires, in the midst of the family circle, or in gaiety and amusement, dinner-parties, theatres, dancing, and general hilarity.

As summer in the country displays to the best advantage the hours of transition from sunset to darkness, so in the town the close of the day is most agreeably experienced in the winter—or, at least, during the winter solstice. The brilliantly-lighted shops looking more brilliant under artificial light, with all their modern affluence and sumptuous aspect of luxury, are rare shows in themselves; and if their tempting contents are, unluckily, far beyond the reach of the majority of the groups of onlookers, they are none the less beguiling and entertaining. The moving crowd passing to and fro on the pavement lends not a little additional attraction to the scene. The hour is not too late to have sent well-dressed respectability to their respective homes, and "night's black agents" have not yet appeared in sufficient force to render a passage through the streets objectionable. If "between the lights" some of the wayfarers express extra hurry in their gait they still bear themselves briskly and cheerfully, and a large contingent walk with the air of people whose work being over can afford to take things leisurely. The throng of vehicles again partakes of these conditions. Lines of well-appointed private carriages linger at the edge of the kerb in front of the shops, whilst their occupants are making the last purchase. The speed of the mid-road traffic, its clattering vans, rumbling omnibuses, rattling carts, and hansom create such a bustle of activity, and such an impression of restless energy, that it forms the climax to the whirl of excitement—an excitement which, whether good for us or not, is to most men pleasant at times, and assuredly wards off depression and gloom. So long as the weather is fairly tolerable we take little heed of the sky, or its effect upon the wilderness of brick and mortar. Only very rarely do we catch a glimpse of it indeed, and, beyond the fact that it is not yet quite dark, we scarcely note the time of day.

Passing on into the less-frequented thoroughfares, there is, perhaps, more opportunity for observing the hour, and for receiving somewhat modified impressions. The stately rows of private dwellings, the quieter streets and squares, the wider open spaces, give us a chance of seeing the real look of things "between the lights." The glimmer of the newly-kindled street-lamps and here and there the ruddy glow of firelight, seen through the still uncurtained window-panes contrast picturesquely and effectively with the murky tones of the fast-approaching nightfall. The blocks of buildings loom up, solemn and mysterious, infinitely varied in form and bulk; the details are lost in the misty smoke-laden atmosphere, not yet so dense as to obscure many a far-stretching vista, but just sufficiently thick alternately to veil and mark the distances down the street, whilst the sparkle and twinkle of the gas appear to flicker like innumerable "Will-o'-the-wisps," fireflies, or glow-worms on a gigantic scale.

Here, beyond the immediate hubbub of the terrific traffic, in the busiest streets, we only hear it as one prolonged, almost monotonous roar, broken though it be at frequent intervals by modifications of its clatter as stray fragments of it come jingling or rumbling by. Mingling with all the urban sounds that break upon the ear between the lights is very notably that of the muffin bell—again a pleasant and suggestive melody "as we draw near home;" and if the blatant bellowing of the newspaper hawker jars somewhat on the senses, it nevertheless conveys an agreeable notion of a quiet half-hour with the evening's news in the library arm-chair before dinner. There is hardly anything anywhere in itself to create depression, albeit the importunities of the stray mendicant may check a too exuberant self-complacency, and bid us charitably remember at least that one half the world knows not how the other lives. The cheery brightness of our own fireside should warm our hearts towards all who lack the blessing of a comfortable, happy home. Its rays should extend at any rate to such sadness as comes within our personal range. And since domesticated man has ever found a sweet companionship in the incandescent coal, he may well afford to let its light and glow suffuse the darkness which must, alas! but too often settle down on hearths beyond his own. Between the lights, too, is the very time when this companionship is dearest. We stir the friendly fire into a blaze with a kind of exultant joy, or coax and pat it tenderly into a quiet aspect of cindery sparkle, well knowing that from it will come a sympathetic look to fit our every mood. There is no chum like a coal fire, and his absence it is which often makes long summer evenings in London or in large cities so irksome.

A room without a fire when dusk is coming on has always a gloomy, deserted look. The black and empty grate is like a vacant arm-chair standing in the usual corner when some dear, familiar presence can no longer fill it. Hence it behoves all who can to be abroad in the long summer evenings, and, if possible, clear of the streets; for then the country is at its best and the town at its worst. The conditions are entirely reversed with the seasons, and, even granting bad weather, we must agree with our kindly American critic when he writes:—"We do not like London well enough till we like its defects: the dense darkness of much of its winter, the soot in the chimney-pots—and everywhere else—the early lamplight, the brown blur of the houses, the splashing of hansom in

Oxford-street or the Strand on December afternoons. There is still something to me that recalls the enchantment of children—the anticipation of Christmas, the delights of a holiday walk—in the way the shop-fronts shine into the fog. . . . There are winter effects, not intrinsically sweet, it would appear, which somehow touch the chords of memory, and even the fount of tears in absence. . . . As, for instance, the front of the British Museum on a black afternoon, or the portico, when the weather is vile, of one of the big square clubs in Pall-mall. I can give no adequate account of the subtle poetry of such reminiscences; it depends upon associations of which we have often lost the thread. . . . These things loom up through a thickness of atmosphere which doesn't make them dreary, but, on the contrary, imparts to them something of a cheer of red lights in a storm. I think the romance of a winter afternoon arises partly from the fact that when it is not altogether smothered, the general lamplight takes the hue of hospitality." Mr. Henry James is right. He arrives at the secret of London's charm "between the lights" in his last sentence: its aspect of vast hospitality.

W. W. F.

Mr. William Latham, Q.C., has been elected a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, in succession to the late Viscount Eversley. Mr. Roland Vaughan Williams has been appointed Queen's Counsel. Mr. Mead and Mr. Charles Mathews have been appointed Senior Prosecuting Counsel for the Treasury at the Central Criminal Court, and Mr. C. F. Gill and Mr. Horace Avory, Junior Prosecuting Counsel.

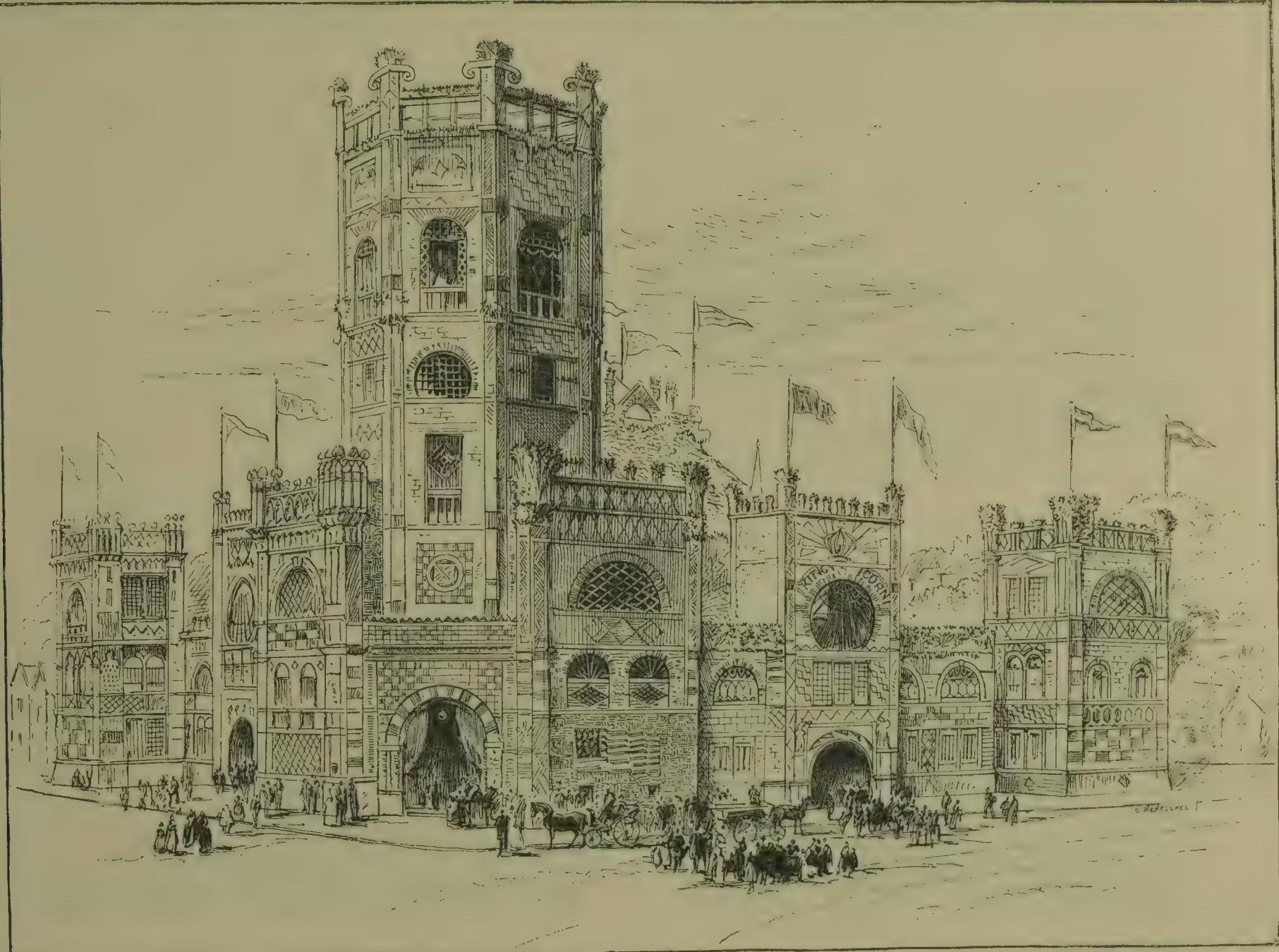
## SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

The great corn-growing plains west of the Mississippi, especially in the States of Iowa and Nebraska, in the very centre of the North American Continent, are productive of immense wealth and trade, which is shown by the rapid growth of the chief towns. Sioux City, on a tributary of the Missouri named from the Sioux tribe of Indians, where, in the spring of 1855, two log cabins stood, is now a city of over 30,000 inhabitants. The first steam-boat freighted for Sioux City arrived in June, 1856, bringing provisions and ready-made houses. The base of supplies was then St. Louis, and the transportation was by way of the Missouri river. Even at that early day the commanding commercial relation of Sioux City to the great North-West was clearly perceived, since from it, as a dépôt, freights were distributed by water-carriage to the trading-posts, government stations, and scattered settlements of the upper Missouri Valley. That region, before the time of railroad development west of the Mississippi river, was a mere wilderness, with countless bands of Indians and buffalo roaming over it. The advent of the railroad changed the movement of trade through Sioux City to the North-West, finally fixing the base of supply at Chicago instead of St. Louis. During the next few years, many lines of railroad were projected in the region about Sioux City. It is now the centre of five great trunk lines of railway, which have thirteen lines diverging through Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Dakota, Wyoming and Montana. The railroad bridge across the Missouri river, costing 1,250,000 dols., is just completed. Thirty-six passenger trains arrive and depart daily. Sioux City is the

largest jobbing centre in Iowa, filling its own distinct field and competing with Omaha on the one hand and with St. Paul and Minneapolis on the other. The idea of a "Corn Palace" was first suggested during the bountiful harvest of 1887. The people evinced such an interest in the celebration that the palace and festival at large soon passed beyond the original plans, and became everybody's work. The citizens went "corn crazy." The success of the Sioux City Corn Palace of 1887 was so signal, and the impression made by it on the public mind so abiding, that it became a permanent and distinctive Sioux City enterprise. It was taken for granted that Sioux City should be the scene of an annual harvest pageant. The Corn Palace of 1888 is identical in purpose with that of 1887, but is more comprehensive and more complete and elaborate, and the building being 150 ft. by 150 ft., affords ample interior space for adornments and displays. A recent event full of significance to Sioux City is the opening of the Sioux Reservation, lately permitted by law. It opens one of the richest tracts in the world, with an area of twenty-two million acres, to Sioux City trade. The name "Sioux" is pronounced by Americans "Soo."

## THE GENEALOGY OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

The *North China Herald* gives a curious account of the manner in which the genealogical statement of the family of the Emperor of China is periodically compiled. On Sept. 15 last the book containing it was dispatched from Pekin to Moukden, in Manchuria, for preservation, being honoured by the way as if the Emperor himself were passing. The streets and roads



CORN PALACE, SIOUX CITY, IOWA, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

were prepared for its conveyance as if for an Imperial progress. Yellow earth was sprinkled on the surface, all booths were removed, silence reigned along the route, and no one was allowed to be in the street. All windows and doors were closed, and the unfortunate booth-keepers along the line of march lose a week's receipts, for it takes this time to prepare the streets for the passage of the book. The latter is compiled every ten years, and consists of two volumes, one bound in yellow, and one in red. The first contains the names of the Emperor's immediate relations, the second those of the more distant, and these wear yellow and red girdles respectively. The rules for making and keeping the genealogical register are contained in the first of the 920 sections of the book of the Statutes of the Great Pare dynasty. It shows how the Emperor is descended from the Sovereigns who ruled over Manchuria before the establishment of the dynasty in Pekin in 1644. Of it three copies are made—the one which goes to Moukden, the cradle of the Imperial race; the other is preserved in a temple near the palace in Pekin, and a third by the bureau concerned in all matters relating to the Emperor's clan. All families in this Imperial clan are required annually in the first month to send to this bureau and to the Board of Ceremonies a record of the year, month, day, and hour of each birth. From these nine officials, under control of two Grand Secretaries, compile the lists. The genealogies are made up of the important entries in these annual registers contained in the yellow and red books. When the decennial record has passed through the hands of the transcribers and binders, it is presented to the Emperor for inspection, and a day is fixed for its conveyance to Moukden. At first there was a yellow book only, but later on the Imperial favour was extended to more distant members of the clan who had been omitted, and the red book was provided

as a supplement to the other. Naturally, they increase rapidly in size; but it is supposed that the names of undistinguished persons are written so small as to occupy little space. The whole system, however, is not a Manchu but a Chinese one, and existed before the Christian era. A historian of the second century B.C. produces the registers of all the Imperial families prior to that time, and of all the nobles of note in ancient China.

The Queen has sent to the Dean of Winchester £50 towards the cost of restoring the reredos of Winchester Cathedral.

The free library system at Nottingham is about to be extended by the establishment of the eleventh branch.

The Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths have forwarded £50 to the funds of the Ragged School Union, Exeter Hall.

Mr. Kirwan announces a series of ten recitals, to be given at the West Theatre, Royal Albert Hall, on alternate Saturday afternoons, the first taking place on Jan. 26, with readings from popular writers.

Mr. Edward R. Swarder, Master of the East Kent Fox-hounds, has been unanimously appointed Master of the Hertfordshire Hounds, in the place of Captain Peacock, who is resigning at the end of the present season.

There was a distinguished gathering at the Mansion House on Jan. 24, when the Lord Mayor gave a farewell dinner to Mr. Phelps, the American Minister in London. Responding to the toast of his health, proposed by the Lord Mayor, Mr. Phelps referred with satisfaction to the good feeling which existed between the English and American peoples, and acknowledged the unvarying kindness with which he had been received in this country. It was not likely that men of the English race could become hostile until they began to

misunderstand each other, and in the ever-increasing intercourse between England and America security must be found. The Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Rosebery, the Lord Chief Justice, the Attorney-General, Sir Frederick Leighton, and Mr. Leonard Courtney also spoke.

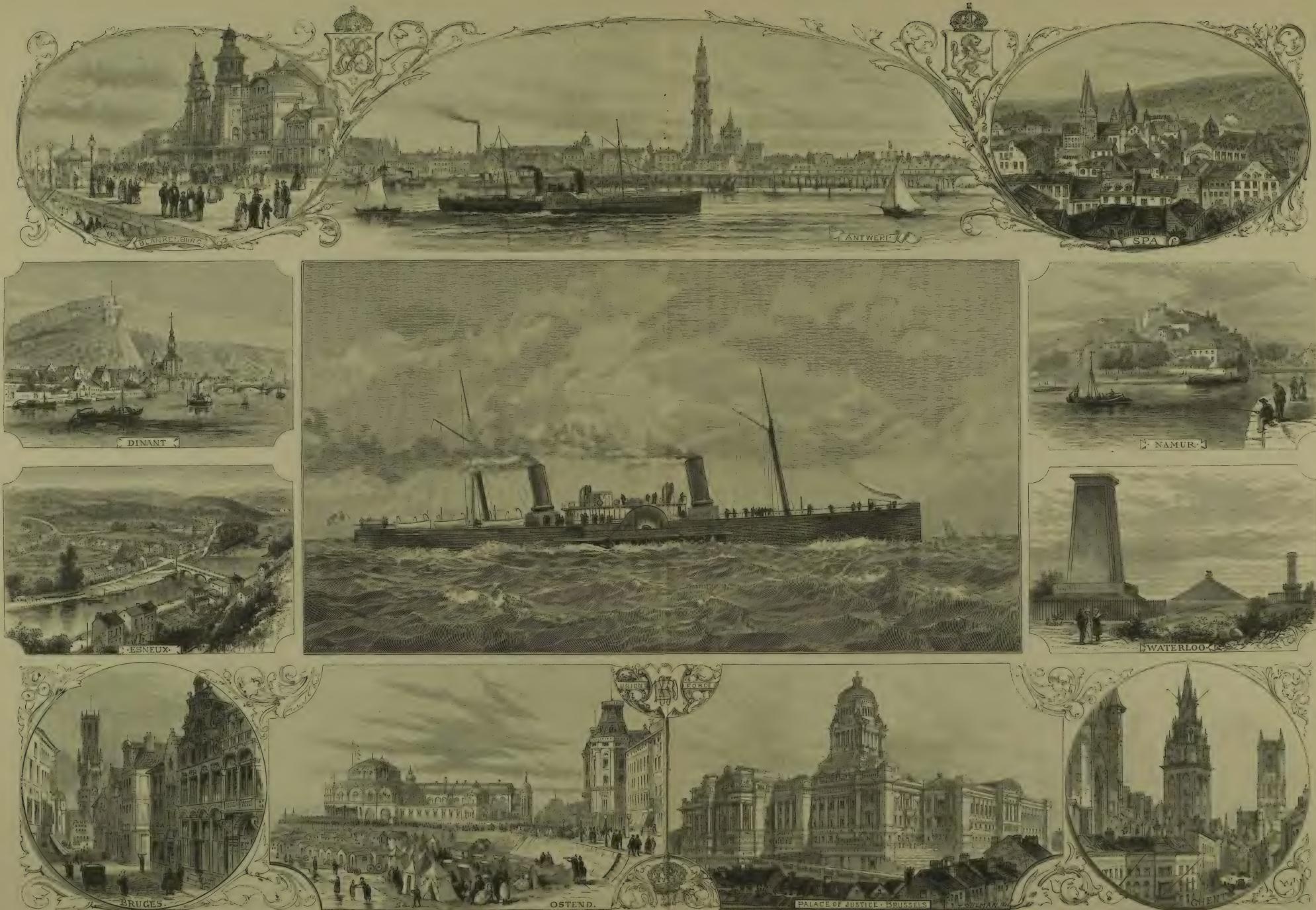
Mr. Frederic Harrison attended the first annual meeting of the promoters of the Paddington Free Public Library, held on Jan. 26, under the presidency of Dr. R. Garnett, and gave an address on the free library movement.

Saturday, Jan. 26, being the fourth anniversary of the fall of Khartoum and the death of General Gordon, the statue recently placed in Trafalgar-square was at an early hour profusely decorated with wreaths.

At Cambridge University the Norrisian prize has been adjudged to Mr. J. F. Bethune Baker, M.A., of Pembroke College. The subject of the essay was "The Sternness of Christ's Teaching, and its Relation to the Law of Forgiveness." The prize is given once in five years only.

The first of the course of three lectures on "Air and Food in Relation to Life," by Mr. E. A. Parkyn, M.A., at Holloway Hall on Jan. 24, was attended by a large and enthusiastic audience of over 1000 people. The hall was crowded in every part. Mr. Cowley Lambert, M.P., presided.

A jewelled sword, gold-mounted and set with upwards of six hundred diamonds, rubies and emeralds, was recently sold at Messrs. Debenham, Storr, and Son's auction-rooms in Covent-garden for ninety-one guineas. The sword, a capital specimen of native Indian workmanship, was an interesting relic, having been presented by Ranjeet Singh, the "Lion" of Lahore, to the late General Van Cortlandt, C.B., who was Commander-in-Chief of the Maharajah's forces, and who rendered valuable service to this country in the Punjaub war.



THE NEW BELGIAN MAIL STEAM-BOAT, PRINCESSE JOSÉPHINE, AND THE ROUTE THROUGH BELGIUM TO GERMANY AND SWITZERLAND.

## THE NEW BELGIAN MAIL STEAM-BOAT, PRINCESSE JOSEPHINE.

This new steam-boat, built by Messrs. W. Denny and Brothers, of Dumbarton, for the Ostend and Dover service, is constructed entirely of Siemens-Martin steel. Her principal dimensions are as follows: length, 300 ft.; beam, 38 ft.; depth from main deck, 13½ ft.; loaded draught, 8½ ft. Her engines are on the compound system and of 6000-horse power. She has side-paddles, is schooner-rigged, and is provided with an auxiliary rudder forward, to enable her to steam out of Ostend without swinging. Her average speed is twenty-one knots an hour, which enables her to effect the passage regularly between Ostend and Dover in about three hours. Among paddle-wheel steamers, she is in the first rank of those afloat. The Princesse Joséphine is the second vessel built by Messrs. Denny and Brothers for the Belgian Government. The first, the Princesse Henriette, a sister-ship to the Princesse Joséphine, was placed on the service some months ago. Another new steamer, La Flandre, will soon be added to the fleet.

The general arrangement of the vessel has been specially studied with a view to the greatest comfort of passengers. She has a promenade deck running the whole length of the ship, a main deck, and a steerage or cabin deck running fore and aft of the engine-room. The ladies' and gentlemen's saloons are below the main deck, abaft the engine-room. Immediately fronting the engine-room is the mail and baggage hold; forward of this comes the second-class saloon, which is provided with a special cabin for ladies. The remaining part of this deck comprises the officers' and engineers' rooms and the forecastle.

The decorations of the gentlemen's first-class saloon are in exquisite taste; the sofas and cushions are covered in red buff leather. In the forward part, and on both sides, is a lavatory. The sofas and backs in the ladies' first-class saloon are upholstered in velvet, and the panelling is relieved by rich paintings. There is a lavatory on the starboard side, and a cabin for two stewardesses on the port side. Besides the settees, all the pilasters are surrounded with lounges. The upholstering of the second-class saloon is after the style of railway carriages. This saloon contains a pantry, and each of the ladies' cabins is provided with a lavatory.

Independently of the skylights, all the saloons below deck receive light and ventilation from a large number of port-holes 12 in. in diameter. On the main deck, at the extreme after end of the vessel, is the smoking-saloon, tastefully fitted up in pine wood of various hues. Immediately forward of the smoking-saloon are the first-class saloon skylights; then a large deck-house, the arrangement of which is as follows: in the after part is the pantry opening on a dining-room, capable of seating thirty-six persons. The sides of this dining-room are beautifully panelled in satin-wood framed in polished walnut. The lounges, settees, and revolving-chairs are upholstered in Utrecht velvet, and the deck is covered with a Brussels carpet. This room is warmed by a fine stove of embossed copper with a marble top.

Forward of the deck-house is a corridor, giving access on the one hand to a stairway leading to the gentlemen's first-class saloon, and on the other to the purser's cabin, which is flanked by a state-room on either side. The forepart ends in a corridor serving as a landing to the ladies' first-class saloon, and leads to two richly-furnished state-rooms. The panels and stained-glass lights in these special rooms are artistically painted; the upholstery is of silk, and a velvet-pile carpet covers the floor. Each state-room is provided with a lavatory and an arm-chair. These two rooms may be thrown into one if required.

Four cabins, placed aft of the paddle-boxes, complete the passenger accommodation on the main deck. The petty officers' and stewards' quarters are situated forward on the main deck.

Four stairways lead from the main to the promenade deck, which is remarkable for its dimensions and superstructures. Forward on this deck is the public smoking-room, which is decorated with teak panels and upholstered in buff leather; then the engine-room skylight, and six state-rooms beautifully fitted up in Utrecht velvet. Adjoining the after end of the deck-house is a large official saloon, of an oval shape, tastefully furnished in the Oriental style; the pilasters and panels are partly inlaid and partly of polished sycamore, and there are beautiful stained-glass lights. The cushions, backs, and arm-chairs are covered in silk. There is here a piano, by Broadwood, which also serves as a sideboard. The vessel is lighted throughout by electricity, having 152 incandescent lamps. A system of electric bells connects the first-class saloons, the two smoking-rooms, and the fifteen state-rooms, with the chief pantry. The first-class saloons are warmed by handsome American stoves, and all the other cabins by steam-pipes.

The Ostend and Dover service comprises at present a line of first-class steamers guaranteeing safety, speed, comfort, and punctuality to passengers, whose number is daily largely on the increase. These advantages, added to that of price—the Ostend line being the most economical of the extra-fast services between England and the Continent—especially commend it to public favour.

## THROUGH BELGIUM TO GERMANY OR SWITZERLAND.

The Ostend route from England, beginning with the short passage from Dover by such a vessel as the Princesse Joséphine, is one of the most interesting that the Continent affords. Passengers land at Ostend, the sea-bathing resort most frequented, and the summer residence of the King of the Belgians. They are carried by the railway through the rich plains of Flanders, which are justly celebrated for their high cultivation. They presently reach Bruges, a picturesque city, inhabited by a large English colony, and the aspect of which recalls its ancient splendour. The next city is Ghent, formerly the capital of Flanders, with its old clock-tower and the church of Saint-Bavon; this is an important manufacturing town, with its flax and linen industry. If tourists can spare the time, a détour of less than an hour will enable them to pay a visit to Antwerp, the commercial metropolis of Belgium, and the most important port on the Continent. But, continuing their journey, they come to Mechlin or Malines, the archiepiscopal town, and to Brussels, the Belgian capital.

Brussels, now containing about half a million inhabitants, is at once an abode of business, of wealth, and of pleasure. With the successive transformations which have given it the appearance of a first-class modern city, Brussels preserves the superb remains of former times. Thus, by the side of its splendid boulevards, which rival those of Paris, we find the Grande Place, or principal public square—unique of its kind in Europe—whose four sides are bordered with edifices that are true examples of ancient architecture. The most remarkable monument in the grand square of Brussels is the Townhall. Along with this magnificent specimen of Gothic art, and with St. Gudule Church, in the same style and of the same period, Brussels has grand modern edifices, such as the Palace of Justice, the most colossal pile in Europe.

Brussels, the pleasure-town, possesses a number of theatres, notably the Théâtre de la Monnaie, a first-class opera-house, the only one rivaling the Paris Opéra; also many luxurious cafés and beautiful gardens. As a business town, Brussels is particularly devoted to the fancy-goods trades. Its principal arteries are lined by splendid shops, the most remarkable in British eyes being those dealing in Brussels lace. For this class of goods, manufactured according to a method dating back several centuries, Brussels has a wide reputation.

The environs of Brussels offer points of interest for varied excursions and picnics, chief among them being the La Cambre wood, an extension of the boulevards, and the forest of Soignies, a continuation of the La Cambre park. The road to the battle-fields of Waterloo is by way of the La Cambre wood and the forest of Soignies.

Belgium, or Brussels in particular, is the key to travels to all parts of Europe. Those bound for Germany, Austria, and the East pass in succession the town of Louvain, the old capital of Brabant (the Townhall here is reputed the grandest in the country); the rich agricultural region of La Hesbaye, and reach Liège, a flourishing town, which is celebrated for its small-arms manufactories, and its iron and coal industries. The town and suburbs contain numerous factories, the most important of which are the colossal ironworks of John Cockerill and Co., founded by the Englishman of that name. The environs of Liège present inviting excursions, especially to the picturesque valley of the Meuse.

After leaving Liège the traveller crosses the Vesdre Valley, a picturesque, broken country, and passes Chandefontaine, a small watering-place situated in a delightful country. A slight deviation will enable him to visit Spa, one of the most attractive watering-places, situated amidst lovely landscapes on the confines of the Ardennes, the most picturesque part of the country. Before reaching the Belgian frontier, on his way to Cologne, the traveller runs through Verviers, the centre of the flax spinning and weaving trade of Belgium.

Travellers for Switzerland and Italy, having taken the route through Belgium, see Namur, on the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse, a town rivalling Sheffield for its cutlery. They pass through the Ardennes, a wild and broken country, interspersed with mountains and watercourses, and abounding in natural marvels, such as the celebrated caves of Han and Rochefort. The Ardennes have been aptly described as a "miniature Switzerland." The country here is much frequented by the English as a summer resort. The journey to Switzerland and Italy is resumed by way of Strasburg and the valley of the Rhine.

### "THAT DOCTOR CUPID."

Was it not that inimitable and popular comedian and exemplary citizen, Mr. J. L. Toole (now moving the town to merry laughter as that peculiarly susceptible Cambridge dignitary, "The Don"), who some years ago appeared in an Asmodean play at the Adelphi? This was before the Vaudeville Theatre was thought of. Lacking freshness though the central idea of "That Doctor Cupid" may, Mr. Robert Buchanan has infused so much human nature and good-humour into the new fantastic comedy thus named that Vaudeville audiences are certain to be highly entertained by the amusing piece for many a night to come. Mr. Buchanan avows his indebtedness in some measure to Foote's famous farce of "The Devil upon Two Sticks"; and Mr. Thomas Thorne doubtless feels infinitely obliged to the adroit dramatist for fitting him so well with the gay part of Doctor Cupid:

Cupid's the Doctor who enters all portals,  
Sly old concocer of physic for mortals.

That arch Doctor Cupid himself, and the personages he sets by the ears on the Vandeville stage, are faithfully sketched by Mr. J. Bernard Partridge. Tastefully costumed in the fashions worn at the early part of the century, the characters who frisk from Cambridge to Bath agreeably recall the gallant period of Beau Nash and of the Regent. Doctor Cupid is not shown in his somewhat Mephistophelean garb as he first appears to startle Harry Racket, the penniless undergraduate in love with a sweet Kate he is too poor to dare to marry. Mr. Thomas Thorne is portrayed in all the glory of his silken coat and hose as he discharges his unseen Cupid's darts, and plays havoc with all hearts in the Bath Assembly Rooms, whither Doctor Cupid spirits away Harry Racket. Earnest, bright, and youthfully impulsive, the Harry Racket of Mr. Frank Gilmore is throughout admirable—quite worthy such sweet, fresh, animated, and thoroughly girlish acting as that of Miss Winifred Emery as the charming heroine Kate Constant, who has another string to her bow in Lord Fungus (Mr. Scott Buist). There is another pair of lovers excellently embodied also—that exceedingly comely and seductive young widow, Mrs. Bliss (Miss Marion Lea), after a variety of impediments are surmounted, mating with her stuttering admirer, Charles Farlow (Mr. Cyril Maude), whose impersonation is remarkably good. Round the young people are skilfully grouped a few older characters, one and all, of whatever class and age, subject to the throes and arrows of outrageous Cupid. Thus, much mirth is provoked by Dr. Cupid's magic dealings with that querulous *Malade Imaginaire*, Sir Timothy Racket (Mr. Fred. Thorne), and with his designing housekeeper Veale (Miss Dolores Drummond), and likewise with old-maidish Miss Bridget Constant (Miss F. Robertson). "That Doctor Cupid" brings his diverting legerdemain appropriately to a happy close on St. Valentine's Day; and the pleased audience is disposed to agree with the author that—

Though sometimes he blunders,  
And folks deem him stupid,  
Still lord of all wonders  
Is old Doctor Cupid!

Major Davies has been elected Alderman for Bishopsgate Ward.

Mr. J. P. Thomasson, formerly member for Bolton, has bought for presentation to the town an estate, covering five acres, which he will also convert at his own expense into a recreation-ground.

The annual statistics published by the Colonial Administration with regard to the progress of the French colonies during the past year show that the population was 20,958,550, of whom 19,861,214 are in the Indo-Chinese peninsula. This is exclusive of the 3,910,399 inhabitants of Algeria and the 2,100,000 of Tunis, so that altogether the total may be put at 26,968,949, as compared with 38,218,903 in France itself. For the first time the Trade of Annam and Tonquin are included in the tables, but the return is not a very satisfactory one, as scarcely an eighth part of the imports and exports, amounting in all to £2,000,000, were carried under the French flag. Things are not any better in Cochin-China, as less than a tenth of the imports and exports, amounting to over £1,800,000, were French. In Martinique, Guadeloupe, and one or two other colonies, the proportion is much larger, but the diagrams all show that the comparative value of French goods imported from France into the colonies has undergone a considerable decrease during the last ten years.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

### OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

It has always been a vexed question of statistics and social science alike whether or not, at the present day, the chances of attaining a very old age are greater or less than they were in past epochs. On the one hand, we are assured that the study of health-laws has given us an increased prospect of living to the age of Old Parr; while, contrariwise, the pessimists maintain that the race is deteriorating, and that we cannot hope for length of years from enfeebled bodies. Yet, I venture to think, the optimists have the best of it, so far as figures go, at least, and there is no reason to doubt that the figures in question are correct. Professor Humphry, of Cambridge, some time ago made a study of a number of very old persons whose medical histories had been worked out with accuracy by their doctors, and his deductions seem to warrant the belief that to reach the age of, say, one hundred years, one has simply to bargain, first of all, for a sound constitution as part and parcel of inheritance; and, secondly, to live a fairly plain and temperate life. Excluding chances of accident and non-preventable disease, there seems no adequate reason why the vast majority of originally healthy men and women should not live at least much longer than they do.

The foregoing remarks have been suggested to my mind by the perusal of an account of a certain French tontine which recently saw the last of its annuitants die out. This tontine—"Lafarge" by name—was formed in 1791. The number of subscribers to the scheme was 116,000. Between them they raised a total fund of some 59,000,000f. The provisions or objects of the Lafarge tontine were twofold—personal and patriotic. The dividends of the deceased members were to be applied to increasing the shares of the survivors; and the balance was to be applied to the reduction of the National Debt. The shares were at first fixed at 3000f., but later on, in 1809, this amount was doubled. Beyond this, as I have said, the income went to the State. Coming down to 1886, I find there were seventeen survivors, representing 162 shares. Of the original shareholders, twenty were centenarians, and one attained the age of 106. Is there something about tontines and annuities which favours the extension of the ordinary period of human life, on the analogous principle that "threatened folk live long"? Everybody recalls Dickens's sketch of the annuitant, who, reputed as moribund when the terms of the yearly allowance were settled, lived on to the disgust (unexpressed) of the benefactors. Scientifically, one might account for this result on grounds connected with the ease of mind and absence of the worry that sends most of us into the "sere and yellow" stage. Your annuitant, as a rule, is a person of contented mind, who lets the world slide, and lives on in placid enjoyment of life. Who shall say that this state of things does not conduce to longevity? But apart from tontines and annuities as aids to a centenarian state of things, it may be well to note that, in 1887, the deaths of some 60 centenarians—13 men and 47 women—were duly registered. This speaks well for the elasticity of constitution of the ladies. In 1884, 58 centenarians died; in 1885, 63; and in 1886, 71 were registered among the deaths. Among the 1887 cases 32 reached 100 years, while 10 saw the age of 101; 2 reached 106 years, and 2 cases—ladies again—attained the age of 107 and 109 respectively. On the whole, then, long life seems still a possibility of even this fast-living age; and one must feel pleasure in being gallant, and in saying, here as elsewhere, "Place aux dames!"

In Florida, there are numbers of ponds all isolated from each other, and varying greatly in size. These ponds may be mere hollows, without any perceptible source of water-supply. Others, again, are placed at high levels, a fact which removes any idea of their owing their existence to overflows or floods from other sources. Now, all these Floridian ponds swarm with fishes, and the question arises, whence do they derive their living tenants? In the warm season the smaller ponds become dried up; yet on being refilled, from whatever source, their fish-tenants appear to be as plentiful as before. In one case a pond situated at a very high elevation contained an abundant fish-population. A writer tells us he has twice noticed this pond to be dried up; yet, after refilling, its fishes were as numerous as of yore. Perhaps the explanation may be found to rest on the fact of the fishes having acquired a power of resisting dryness of their surroundings. The mud fishes (*lepidosiren*) are able to live packed in dry mud; but then they possess lungs in addition to gills, and are thus direct air-breathers during the dry season. The Florida fish-ponds would appear at least to offer a very interesting problem for local zoologists, and one may hope to hear of a solution of the facts being forthcoming at no distant date.

The case of the Florida fishes reminds me that in 1803 Von Humboldt saw a volcanic eruption at Cotopaxi, in the Northern Andes. From the crater were ejected large numbers of fishes. Humboldt's observations were received with surprise and incredulity; but they have been fully confirmed by later observers. In other volcanic peaks of the Andes range the ejection of fishes has been observed. They have been thrown to a height of 16,000 ft. above the sea-level, and half that height above the plains below the mountains. The species of fish has been named the *Argas Cyclopum*, and it appears to be the only kind which is ejected from the craters. The fishes appear occasionally to be thrown out in such numbers that the decay of their bodies produces noisome exhalations in the adjacent territory. The clue to this mystery may be found, perchance, in the fact that the *Argas* fish lives in lakes in the vicinity of the volcanoes. Now, as volcanic eruptions are associated with water, and as that water, gaining admittance to the earth's heated interior, is converted into steam—a volcanic eruption being merely a kind of cosmical steam-explosion—it does not seem at all improbable that the fishes are swept into the line of volcanic action from the lakes, and simply expelled, after a hurried subterranean journey, from the volcanic crater. If this speculation should prove to be correct, it will only tend to show, once again, that truth is stranger than fiction. We have heard a good deal of late years in novels about mystic subterranean journeys and underground expeditions; and our fishes may lay claim, perchance, to all the distinction which attaches to such marvellous explorations.

The fecundity of fishes is proverbial. The latest account I have seen of this property of the finny tribes is that of the number of eggs in an eel weighing 6 lb., which is set down at nine millions. I fancy the cod and herring are not far behind the eel in respect of their fertility. Nature is ever prolific, but is sadly handicapped by the tremendous waste of her materials which everywhere occurs. Thousands and thousands of fish-eggs come to nothing, of course. Many are devoured; still more are simply killed by cold. Little wonder, however, that naturalists should calculate that unchecked development of such a host of eggs as the eel possesses would in a few years fill every ocean with a solid mass of fishes.—ANDREW WILSON.

## CHILDREN.

"I hate 'em!" says the cynical bachelor. "They're a nuisance!" says the busy man, whose work brooks no disturbance. "They'll wear my life out!" cries the wearied mother of many little ones. "Incumbrances," "obstacles to fortune," "ties," are amongst the epithets that are poured out against children; and yet how full of sunlight is the presence of well-trained children! "A care-crazed mother of many children" may well cry out in her bewilderment, if her many children be not trained and subjugated, with loving subjugation, to bide her will. But when does this training commence?

How interesting and fascinating is the tiny child of two, when words are being prettily put together, when pronouns and verbs constitute effective sentences full of weighty import to the speaker, when little actions and big determinations are so charming and full of artless beauty! But this beauty lies largely in the fact that the child up to this age has been trained and made obedient to the gentle, *certain* will of a tender mother. It is almost too late at two years of age to begin to educate and train the will and temper of a child; it knows by this age with whom it has to deal, and acts accordingly; and, just as a beautiful child of two is one of the most charming objects in all God's creation, if it has been well trained, so, also, an ill-trained child is oftentimes one of the most unpleasant objects. To their parents, even these children are not ugly, for too frequently they reflect themselves; but to all others the ill-tempered, obstinate little one is a sad sight. Firmness and exactitude are two great virtues for the training of children; but the firmness must be accompanied with forethought, and the exactitude with gentleness. Oh! the witchery of the tiny lips and tender soft round arms, and sparkling laughing eyes and ruddy, rounded cheeks! Surely 'tis, indeed, "not good that children should know any wickedness." But those little eyes see quickly, and ears hear all we think they heed not. We teach them wickedness and show them temper, we break our word, and bribe for little deeds, that they for right's sake only should do; and, then, as years roll on, we wonder we have unruly children, and fret only that they make their parents "stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight."

How quickly children learn who is just and firm and exact with them! and how they pour out their love more upon those who act thus than upon the over-indulgent and irrational weak ones who pet and caress, and then are compelled to punish! From two to five the temper and affections develop quicker than the reasoning powers; but constant firmness will subdue and regulate the most passionate of children, without resort to corporal punishment, in a very short time, if it be but exercised steadily and continually. It is at this age that a child's training for after-life more seriously begins; not in book learning, but in little actions of utility; of little household matters, and little offices that teach a child it can be of use in the world. Proudly a little one of four or five will talk of "my work," if it be given some trivial task that its tender years can manage—some little help to mother or nurse or servants, done well and carefully; and such little tasks lay the foundation for a son or daughter that shall be useful to the world they live in. The day is almost past when handiwork is considered derogatory. Is a man less a man if he can clean his boots better than his servant? If but for this one act, our Queen should be revered—that all her daughters were taught household work, and her sons handicrafts; and even at the tender age of four or five, a little task of usefulness within its powers will make a prattling little one proud and happy and more satisfied than the tearing to pieces of twenty toys.

Surely a house with many little ones so trained may be no unbearable home for even the busy man; but his children's quaint little speeches and happy bubbling mirth, not overflowing in torrents of noise or boisterousness, may make him well say—

Doth any praise the childless state?  
The joyless, loveless life I hate.  
No; my desires to moderate wealth I bound:  
But let me see my children smile around.

But the same children, uncontrolled and undirected, useless and aimless, will make the same tempered man sigh out in the weariness of his heart, "Children are surely a nuisance!"

It is from the age of five that the seriousness of life begins with a child. Lessons (call them not tasks) have to be learnt, and work, "Heaven's noblest gift," performed. But here this very seriousness should be made the joyousness of an occupied life; each characteristic of the child developed and not crushed. Well has Goethe put it when he sees in "self-will" future firmness and resolution; and yet how many parents and teachers try to crush out self-will as an evil thing, instead of directing it into self-reliance, and firmness, and resolution? Temper, too, is crushed; whereas, guided, it may mean immense power of purpose; unguided, it does mean awful misery and untold grief.

Lessons, to most children, are a pleasure; it is the teaching and the school that are irksome, and sometimes hateful. All children are proud of knowledge, and will not mind the trouble if they but see the end and aim of their trouble.

How early a little child's thinking and reasoning powers are made use of by itself was aptly illustrated the other day by a mite of four, on hearing of the German Emperor's death, asking, "And now he's gone to heaven, isn't he, Mamma? And will he see little baby up there? And what will he talk, German or English? And will he know little baby?" and then suddenly after some words of explanation, "And will little baby understand him?" Such thinking and reasoning powers can be developed delicately and gently, even in children thus young; but in most of our schools they are immediately crushed by a child's being set to learn *tasks* of inexplicable grammar from not-to-be-understood primers. At six and seven such tasks are set; and, seeing no use, no outcome, to its own mind from its work, the child soon hates learning.

With rational teaching of homely subjects; pleasant history, illustrated by striking tales; interesting geography, with pictures, or, better still, photographs, of the country, and especial reference to the country near home; languages taught by prattling chatter, developing into phrases and sentences;—with such teaching, showing the child the pleasantness of knowledge, a boy of nine may, without any real or unpleasant

labour, be equal to the lad of thirteen who has been stuffed with grammar and parrot-said lessons; and his mind will be developed, so that he will understand what he is doing. But such teaching requires more individual attention than can be given in large schools; and careful assistance and gentle aid from parents. Goethe has said, in his "Wahrheit und Dichtung," "Did but children grow up as in their childhood they give promise, we should have more geniuses," and he explains why this occurs; but one great reason is that individuality is crushed out of our children in home-life and in school-life, and all are tried to be pressed into the same mould, and formed after the same pattern, that they may pass the same examination.

Happy parents those who can watch their little ones from infancy, and guide and develop and aid their individual powers, as we have tried to indicate, up to an age when



NATIVE HUTS, ZANZIBAR.

their will is somewhat formed, and they have power to test and judge for themselves what is right and useful, good and true.

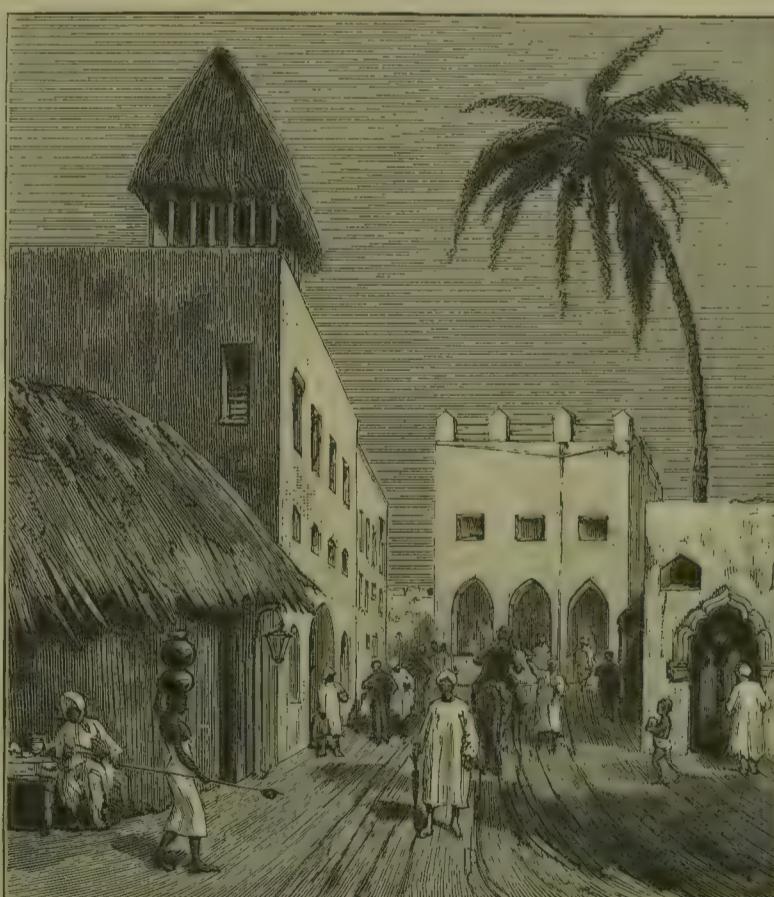
J. B.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie, painter, has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in place of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft.

Captain T. Harvey Royse has been appointed the Good Service Pension of £150 a year, void by the retirement of Captain A. J. Kennedy.

The Lord Mayor has received a donation of £100 from Messrs. Dent, Allcroft, and Co., and one of £100 from Captain Cundy, a member of that firm, for the work of the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor.

An important step in the electric lighting of the Metropolis was taken on Jan. 24 by the opening of the first station of the House-to-House Electric Light Supply Company (Limited). This company was formed about twelve months ago, and proposes to carry out in various districts of the Metropolis what it has already been doing for some time past in Eastbourne. The



STREET IN ZANZIBAR.

first district selected is the parish of St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, and consists of a triangular area, bounded on one side by the District Railway, on another by the Cromwell and Brompton roads, and on the third by North street and the Fulham-road.

The marriage of Mr. Francis Fitzgerald, eldest son of the Hon. Nicholas Fitzgerald, of Melbourne, with the Hon. Nina North, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady North, took place in the Church of the Oratory, Brompton, on Jan. 23, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. Mr. Hugh Robertson was the bridegroom's best man. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father. Her train was borne by Master Gerald Fitzgerald, son of Sir Gerald and the Hon. Lady Fitzgerald. Seven bridesmaids were in attendance—namely, the Hon. Marie and Hon. Christina North, sisters of the bride; Lady Muriel North, the Hon. Cecilia Thellusson, the Hon. Blanche Verney, Miss Florence Vernon, and Miss Grazebrook.

## ZANZIBAR AND THE EAST AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

A photograph of one of the miserable victims of the slave trade on the East Coast of Africa, opposite the islands of Pemba and Zanzibar, was communicated to us by Mr. Arthur W. Slater, and furnished an illustration. It was the emaciated figure of a poor boy taken out of an Arab slave-trader's dhow, which was captured on Nov. 6 by the boats of H.M.S. Boadicea. The following extract from a letter by Lieutenant W. Clifton Slater, R.N., dated H.M.S. Boadicea, Zanzibar, Nov. 17, gives an account of the capture:

"I have been detached, in command of two boats, to Pemba, to look out for slavers. The boats were provisioned for fourteen days, up to Nov. 7, and I had no luck until the 6th, though I had boarded as many as thirteen dhows in a day. At daylight, however, on the 6th, I saw a small dhow in the offing, standing in to the land, and went out under sail, to board her. I soon saw that she had gone about, and was running away; so I got the oars out to help us along, and gave chase. After we had closed somewhat, and could see the dhow's hull when standing up in the boat, we observed that she was working her paddles as well; so we fell back on the oars, and after about a five hours' chase, got up to within about a mile of her. This was a long range for our rifles; but I fired three volleys, which all fell short, and then we continued pulling. I had a marksman forward to try to stop her, and he put five bullets through her sail and one in her rudder-head. During this time they returned the fire upon the dhow, and placed several bullets very near us. One dropped between two of our starboard oars, then one just before the port ones, the splash of which fell into the boat, and several just over and just short. My marksman was, however, making it very hot for them; and one Arab was preparing a flag of truce by tying a white cloth to a stick when a bullet knocked the stick out of his hand. We were then about 1000 yards off, and, having had enough, they lowered their sail and hoisted their white flag. I had no respect for it,

however, as they fired one or two rounds after it was hoisted. They made no further resistance, and I found forty-one slaves, on board on my arrival alongside, and five Arabs. They had thrown overboard their most valuable arms to prevent their being seized and used as evidence against them; but we got three rifles and some ammunition. I passed the slaves into my boat (the poor wretches had had nothing to drink for four days) and searched the dhow for arms. While I was thus employed, some of my men provided the captives with water, and on my return to the boat I found we had only six or eight gallons left for over sixty of us, so I put everyone on an allowance of half a gill (a wine-glass full) per diem. I was very glad I had done so, as the current took us right away to the northward, and the wind was generally light or calm, and I only managed to fetch Mombassa at five o'clock on the 8th, finding the Stork, a surveying vessel there. After a long pull on the 6th we had a tot (half-gill) of water at eight p.m., and another at five p.m. on the 7th, and a third at noon on the 8th. On our arrival in harbour, the Stork looked after us very well; a steamer was going to Zanzibar the next day, so I sent the slaves on, and got a tow myself as far as my station. The slaves were in fairly good condition, except two—one a woman with a baby a few months old, to whom, as she was suffering from fever, I allowed a considerably larger amount of water; and one boy, who was too weak to stand; his legs and arms were like pipe-stems, and he appeared a living skeleton. I thought, formerly, that the condition of the slaves was much exaggerated; but, seeing more of it, I find they have very hard lives. Valuable slaves are generally well cared for; but when a dhow is chased they are battened down like herrings in a barrel, or frequently are thrown overboard. When released, the children are sent to the mission stations, and others are set free in Zanzibar, where they generally find work; but, doubtless, a few are recaptured."

Our two illustrations of Zanzibar, a street view in that town, and one of native huts, are from Sketches by Mr. W. A. Churchill, brother to the British Vice-Consul there. We have recently described the island and the town of Zanzibar, which is situated about thirty miles off the coast of East Africa, nearly opposite Bagamoyo, where the conflicts between the Germans and the Arabs and native tribes have caused much loss of life and property.

## SKETCHES IN AUSTRALIA: BALLARAT.

The town of Ballarat, the capital of the most productive gold-field district in the Colony of Victoria, is next in importance to the city of Melbourne, from which it is distant a hundred miles to the west-north-west. Its population in 1886 was estimated at nearly 37,000. It is divided into two municipal boroughs, Ballarat West and Ballarat East, with separate Mayors and Town Councils. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, in one of his Sketches, gives a view of Sturt-street, one of the principal thoroughfares of the town. Ballarat is lighted with gas, and is also well supplied with water from reservoirs in Bullarook Forest, which cost £362,000 in their construction. It has most of the improvements of large towns of much older growth. There are numerous handsome shops and public buildings, substantial banks and insurance offices, a theatre and other places of amusement. The public buildings comprise a spacious hospital erected on high ground, an orphan asylum, a benevolent asylum, a lying-in hospital, and a refuge, public baths, a mechanics' institute, with a library of 15,000 volumes, a free public library, with 13,000 volumes, a city hall, a municipal council chamber, two townhalls, forty churches, two colleges (the Grenville and the Scotch), four grammar schools, State schools, denominational schools, and the large boarding-school attached to the Loretto Convent. There are three volunteer fire brigades having thirteen stations, a school of mines under efficient management, spacious law courts, post-office, money-order, savings banks, and telegraph offices; several iron founders, seven breweries and distilleries, four flour-mills, two woollen-mills, and other factories. Among the reserves for the public are the Townhall Garden and the Eastern Oval.

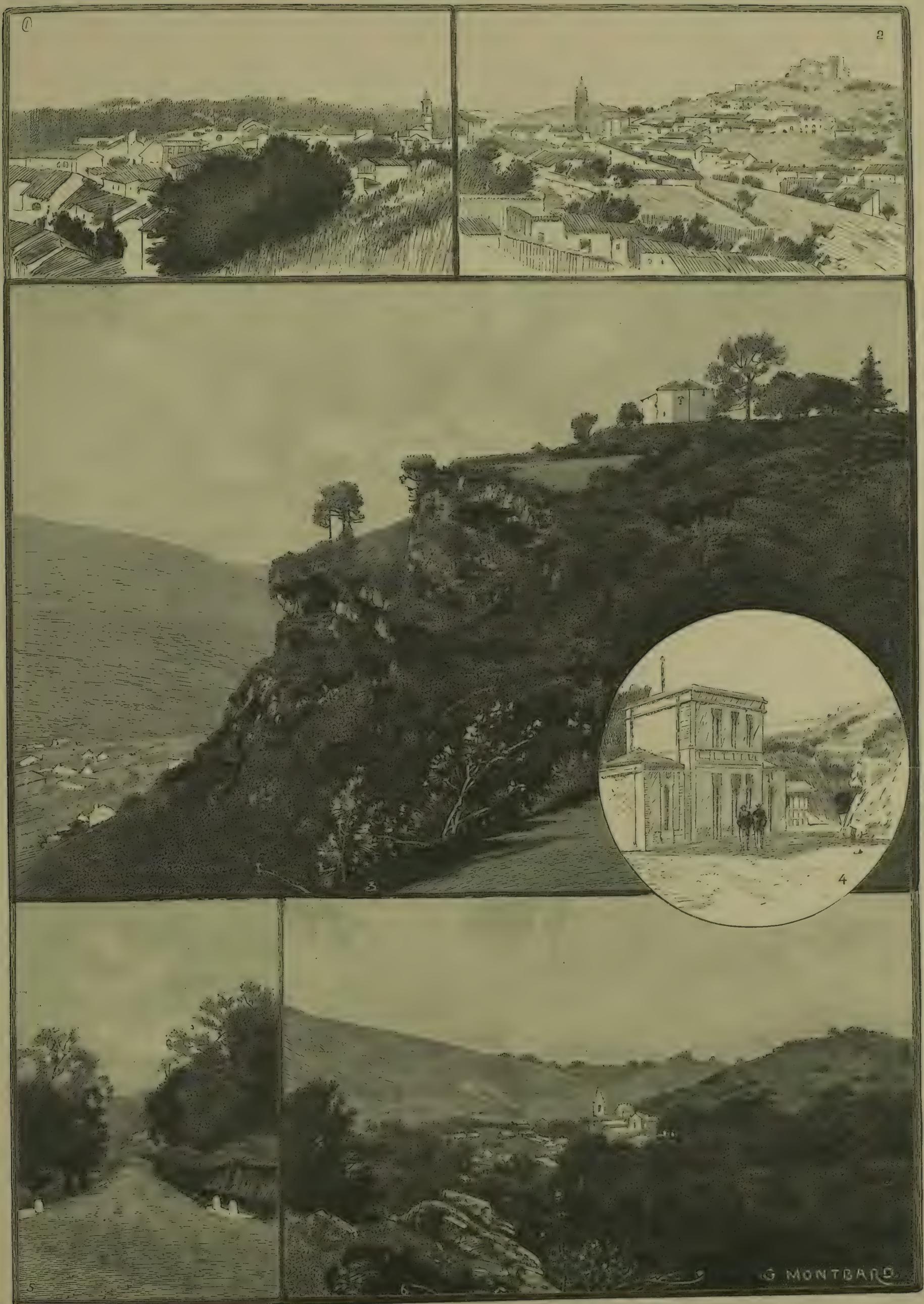


SKETCHES FROM "THAT DR. CUPID," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.



STURT-STREET, BALLARAT, VICTORIA.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



1. Fuente Heridos.

2. Cortegana.

3. Convent of Los Angeles.

4. Entrance to Tunnel under Mountain of San Cristobal.

5. View on Road near Replido Station.

6. Galarosa.

IN SOUTH-WEST SPAIN: ON THE ZAFRA AND HUELVA RAILWAY.

## IN SOUTH-WEST SPAIN.—No. II.

In planning Spanish railways the engineers arrange to plant the stations at a point which must be central for a number of surrounding towns. Thus our next stoppage was in a picturesque wild, with wide-spreading valleys and tree-clad hills, reminding one of Perthshire. The station is called Repilado, and serves six towns, on neighbouring hilltops, or sheltered in valleys, having a large population, of which, however, there are no signs from the station. Thanks to good friends, we were invited to spend some days in one of these towns, and were soon driving along a good road amid picturesque scenery.

We had a peep of Galarosa nestling amid groves of walnut, chestnut, and other fruit-trees. These trees attain remarkable proportions, and one was pointed out in the trunk of which a family of five hid for three days during the French invasion. The tree could still accommodate a small picnic party. Any feeling of regret we had at finding that Galarosa was not our resting-place was speedily dissipated as we passed up the beautiful valley and found ourselves at rest in the town of Fuente Heridos, where Englishmen until a year ago were unknown. This town literally nestles on the top of a hill, amid groves of chestnuts, and for quietness and salubrity of climate equals any place it has ever been our good fortune to visit. From here a pleasant walk across the hilltops, still in chestnut groves, brought us to the highest point of the Sierra, from which a vista of seventy or eighty miles in each direction opened up. From that point we passed down a Roman road to a ledge on the hillside, five or six hundred feet beneath, where there are the remains of a Roman watch fortress. These include a very perfect arch, from which the priests, who had built a convent, here hung their bells. This arch is flanked at either end by sentinel outlook boxes, all in perfect condition, and, being carefully whitewashed, are conspicuous over an immense area. The convent of Los Angeles had evidently been named by the enthusiastic founders as they had looked up at the bright blue sky overhead, down to the magnificent panorama in front, and declared, as we did, that it certainly was a resting-place for angels. On the hillside beneath the convent there are large caves, in one of which a famous philosopher, Arias Montana, lived in the time of Philip II. From his monument in the church we learned that this monarch visited him in his cave and sat for some days at his feet learning wisdom. The good man died after a long life, during which, we read, he lived on fruit and nuts, and drank nothing stronger than water. Here is a text for our Blue-Ribbon friends, whom we thought of tenderly as we stood on this sweet spot. While here, some pilgrims arrived from the village beneath, and the weird effect of the hymns they sang as they came up the hillside was very touching. The convent is evidently a centre for pilgrims; but as there are no resident priests now, we left the pilgrims, who were women, devoutly chanting their Litany at the altar; and we wondered 'how long it would be before in our national churches the people would have the same privilege.

The inhabitants are fine-looking, polite, and, from our experience, very kind. We shall ever remember with gratitude the hospitality of Señor Tinoco, the chief proprietor of Fuente Heridos; who, being a man of enterprise, is exerting himself to enable the people, by the export of their fruit and the opening up of extensive quarries of white marble, to reap substantial advantages from the new railway. Before railways were dreamt of there, he appears to have been in advance of his times, and established a school, and a very good brass band (which serenaded us) to improve the place. Being a breeder of cattle, Spanish like he has also built a bull-ring to further assist in the elevation of the people. When we visited this ring, he placed it at our disposal; but we could only tell him that, although we came from the land of "John Bull," we were not sufficiently accomplished in bull-fighting to make use of it. Were this valley in Scotland, there would soon be erected here a magnificent hydropathic establishment. One of our company, who had suffered for some time from a bad bronchial cough, declared that he wished to stay there: the cough had gone, and he had not felt so frolicsome for years.

It was with regret that we left this delightful valley, and, returning to the railway, resumed our carriages. Soon after starting we had a peep of the town of Cortegana, all too soon cut short as we plunged into the tunnel under the mountain of San Cristobal.

R. M. M.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

At the ordinary meeting held at the society's rooms, 21, Delahay-street, on Jan. 23, with Dr. W. Knighton in the chair, a paper was read, on "Ariosto and the Romance of Chivalry in Italy," by Mr. C. H. E. Carmichael, foreign secretary.

Starting from the fact that Ariosto did not seek out a subject for his great poem, but found it ready to hand in the popular Italian version of the Carolingian Cycle, the reader argued that this cycle must have been long established in Italy to be current among the people as a folk-song, when Pulci wove it into his "Morgante Maggiore." It was certainly, therefore, a popular possession long before it was made a delight for men of letters. But in Italy the reader believed that the romance of chivalry never really took root, for it was never seriously accepted as in other lands. In Italy it was always matter for jest and merriment, and not for encouragement to the crusading spirit. In support of this view, the reader gave specimens alike of the Roland Legend, as it appears in the Pseudo-Turpin, and of characteristic passages from the works of Pulci and Boiardo, as well as of Ariosto, showing the very different aspects of the legend in the hands of the authors of the original epic and of its Italian version. The crusading spirit the reader considered to have been dead in Italy and in Europe generally in the days of Ariosto as in those of Tasso, beyond possibility of revival. Ariosto was capable of almost Dantesque writing, as in his description of Suspicion; he was a powerful satirist, as in his description of Discord and Silence; he was a great Italian poet, but he was not the poet of Italy.

The Chairman, in the course of some appropriate remarks, stated that he thought that the reader had scarcely placed Ariosto upon so high a pinnacle in Italian literature as he might have done. For his part, he believed in him as an earnest writer, and though he might be satirical, yet he was quite as frequently serious. Dr. Tacopo Arata from Genoa, congratulated Mr. Carmichael upon his appreciation of Ariosto, and expressed general agreement with the views he had enunciated; and Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, the secretary, after intimating a doubt as to the possibility of foreign critics ever really comprehending the full force of a writer—a remarkable instance of which was visible even in German criticism upon Shakespeare—went on to declare his opinion that an author leading the frugal and modest life which Ariosto did could hardly be other than earnest in composition.

A vote of thanks to the reader was carried with applause.

The Holbeach (Lincolnshire) Rural Sanitary Authority has put the Allotments Act into operation by purchasing 13½ acres of grass land at Whaplode for £900 for the purpose of letting it in allotments.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.*

T. ROBERTS.—The solution should run thus:—1. Kt to Q Kt 3rd, K takes P; 2. Q to K 4th (ch), K moves; 3. Q or R mates.

F. HRALEY.—How do you get over 1. Q to R 6th? There may be a defence, but we do not see it.

W. WESTLAKE.—Your Problem shows constructive skill, but lacks point. White's first move is too obvious and forcible. We shall be glad to see any further composition.

G. C. HEYWOOD.—Many thanks for information and game.

H. M. PRIDEAUX.—The four-move problem, subject to further examination, shall be published shortly.

D. McCOY.—Another solution by 1. R to K 2nd.

G. ADAMSON.—The game has come safely to hand, and is very acceptable.

W. BARRY (Dover).—A good problem, and it shall appear ere long.

J. PIERCE.—You will hear from us by post.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2334 received from John G. Grant, E. Bohmstedt, and F. H.; of No. 2335 from J. Bryden, Sobersides, and E. Bohmstedt; of No. 2336 from J. Bryden, W. E. Cartwright, and F. H.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2335.

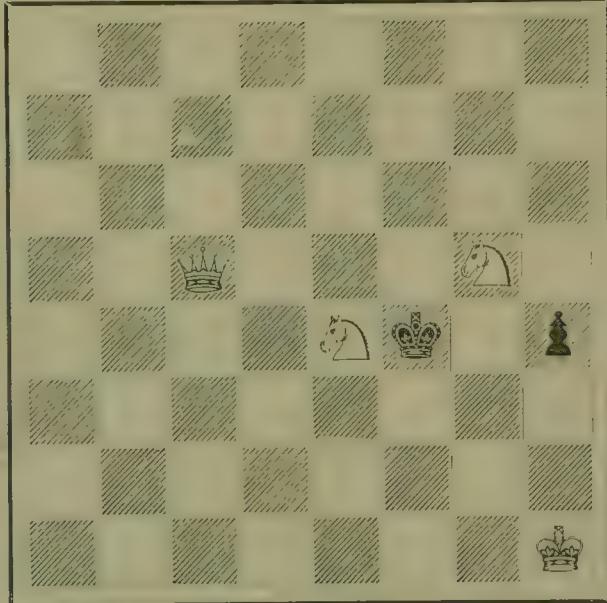
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to Q R 3rd K to K 6th  
2. B to Q sq (dis. ch) K moves  
3. Q Mates accordingly.

If Black play 1. P to K B 7th, then 2. B to Q B 2nd (ch); if 1. R takes P, then 2. B takes R (ch), &c.

## PROBLEM NO. 2339.

By E. LUCAS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Game played at Board No. 1 in the match between South Wales Chess Association versus Bristol and Clifton.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. G. W. Lennox). (Mr. N. Fedden).	P to K 4th	(Mr. G. W. Lennox). (Mr. N. Fedden).	With his centre Pawns broken up and a piece behind Black might have at once resigned.
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. B to Q B 4th	B to Q B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. Q to Q 2nd	B to K Kt 5th
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	16. Q to B 2nd	B takes B
4. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd	17. Q takes B	K R to K sq
5. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt	18. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 6th
6. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	19. B to K 2nd	B takes B
7. P to K 5th	Q to K 2nd	20. R takes B	P to K B 4th
8. Castles	Q takes P	21. Q R to Q sq	Q R to Kt sq
		22. P to Kt 3rd	P to K 3rd
		23. Q to Q 4th	Q to K 3rd
		24. Q takes R P	Q to K 2nd
		25. Q to Q 4th	K to R 2nd
		26. Q R to K sq	K R to Q sq
		27. Q to B 2nd	R to K B sq
		28. Q to K 3rd	K to Kt sq
		29. R to Q sq	P to K Kt 4th
		30. Q to Q B 3rd	R to B 3rd
		31. P to Kt 4th	Q R to K B sq
		32. Q to B 4th (ch)	Q to B 2nd
		33. Q takes Q (ch)	Q R takes Q
		34. P takes P	R takes P
		35. R takes P	K to Kt 2nd
		36. R to K 7th	R to B 4th
		37. R takes R (ch)	K takes R
		38. P to B 4th	K to B 3rd
		39. Kt to B 2nd	R to K 4th
		40. R to K 2nd, and in a few more moves Black resigns.	

## BLINDFOLD CHESS.

One of eight simultaneous games played by Mr. BLACKBURN during his recent visit to Newcastle.

(Hampe Allgater Gambit.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. Blackb.). (Mr. Nicholson).	P to K 4th	(Mr. Blackb.). (Mr. Nicholson).	Highly ingenious. He now threatens to win by B to B 4th (ch); 17. K to R sq, Q takes R, P (ch); 18. B to R 2nd, P to Kt 6th, &c.
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. B to Kt 5th	Very fine play, and the only method of maintaining the attack.
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	17. B to K 2nd	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	18. B takes B	
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th	19. Q to Q 4th	
5. Kt to Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	20. P to K 5th	
6. Kt takes K B P	K takes Kt		Failing to see the effect of White's powerful rejoinder, one of the R's to K B sq was imperative here.
7. Kt to Q B 3rd		21. B to Q 3rd (ch)	A conception which adds another gem to Blackb's blindfold brilliants.
		22. Q takes Q P (ch)	20. K takes R
		23. R to K sq (ch)	21. B to Q 3rd (ch)
		24. K to Q 3rd	22. Q takes P
		25. Q to R 3rd (ch)	23. R to K sq (ch)
		26. Black resigns.	24. Q to Q 3rd

Mr. Blackb. gave a blindfold seance at Newcastle on Jan. 22, in which he engaged a strong local team with his usual success. Out of eight games played he won 5 and drew 3. The gem of the evening was undoubtedly the game given above, which admirably illustrates Mr. Blackb's singular powers in this class of play.

To judge from the supply, works on Chess Openings must be in great demand. A new one is promised, under the title of "The Chess Lexicon," by Herr Bauer, of the Vienna Chess Club. It will be adapted for English readers, and the subscription price, up to February, is 3s. 4d. Address: The Compiler, Vienna, III, Wassergasse 13.

Richford's Rubber Chess Printer.—This is a most ingeniously arranged little printing-press for all who have occasion to prepare diagrams of chess problems. It consists of a set of wooden types, one for each chess piece, placed so that any single one can be taken out at sight; a self-inking stamp pad, and some blank forms; all neatly inclosed in a polished olive-wood case, the size of a note-book. The workmanship is excellent, and the diagrams produced are clear and distinct.

## HEDGE AND THATCH.

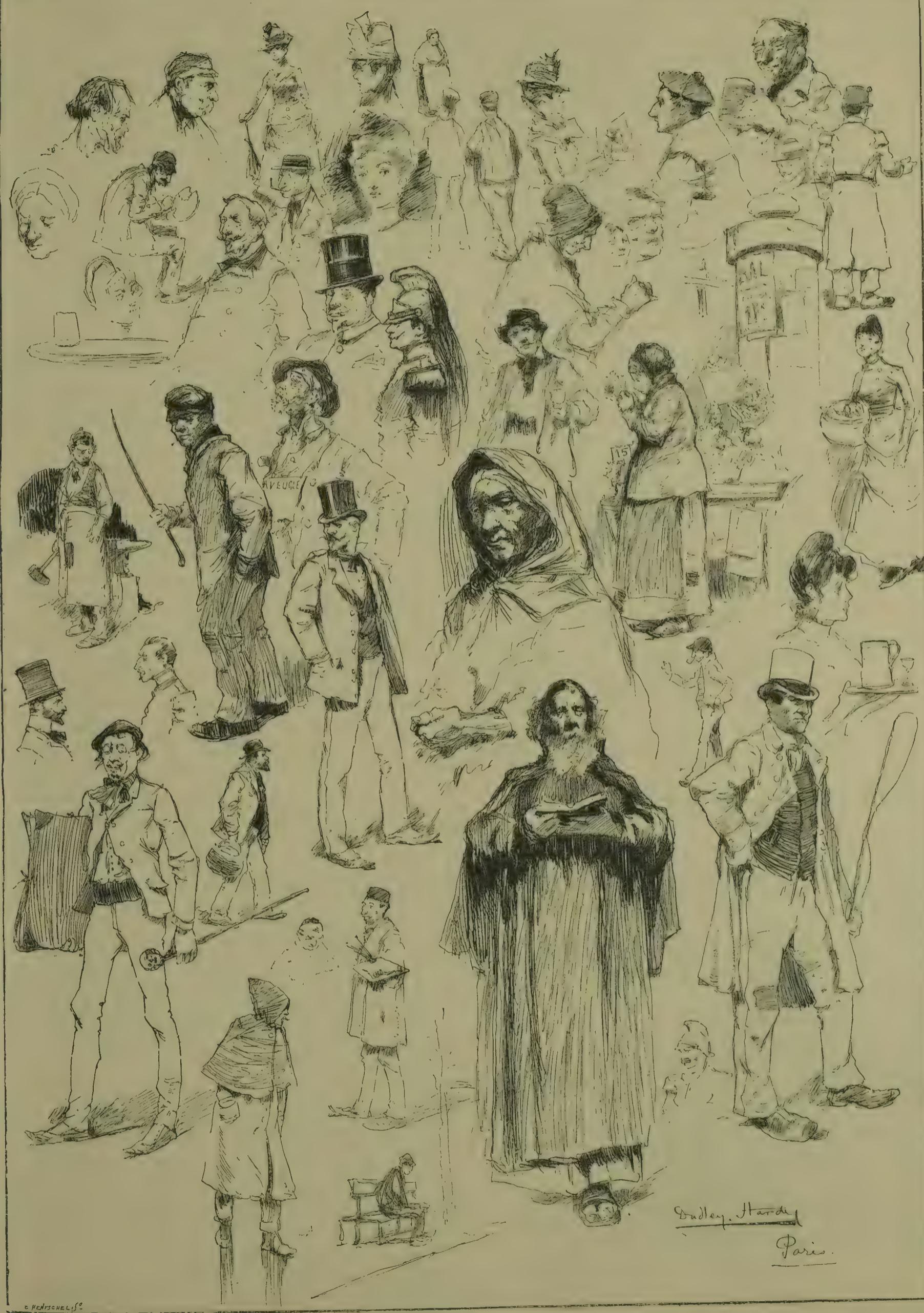
Among the trades which seem doomed to disappear from the rural life of Scotland, that of the roof-thatcher can hardly escape notice. Thirty years ago, or even less, straw thatch was the all-but-universal covering of the peasants' cottages in many rural districts, its predominance being shared only to a small extent by the use of red burnt tiles. There was wont, indeed, to be no more familiar sight about fields and farmsteads in the autumn than the ladder of the thatcher leaning against a house-side, with its owner seated above, deftly repairing the time-darkened covering of the dwelling with sheaves of golden straw. Of late years, however, slate has gradually been superseding both thatch and tiles. No new house is ever roofed now with these; even on existing cottages the older-fashioned shelter is gradually being replaced by the new material; and already the professional thatcher finds himself practically in the position of Othello—his occupation gone.

The change is to be accounted for in many ways. Tile roofs, though warm and substantial enough, were always heavy, requiring a strong framework beneath, and, besides presenting at close quarters a somewhat clumsy appearance, demanded constant attention in the matter of cement if they were to keep out the weather. Thatch, on the other hand, would almost seem to be the roofing designed by Nature. Keeping a house warm in winter and cool in summer, besides throwing off the wet admirably, thatch imparted to the dwelling on which it was used a look of singular snugness and comfort. Most appropriate it seemed on the roofs of farmsteads, with the newer gold of the corn-ricks rising around to match it; and even yet upon one or two houses of greater consequence throughout the country a time-stained roofing of straw keeps alive the pleasant associations of bygone days. Thatch, however, as a house-covering possessed serious disadvantages. Besides harbouring vermin to a disagreeable extent, the dry straw was dangerously liable to catch fire. In time of drought, as many a farmer learned to his cost, the merest spark from the kitchen chimney was sometimes enough to set a whole steading in a blaze. It is for this reason, probably, more than any other, that the use of thatch as a roofing material has gradually, during the last twenty or thirty years, been dying out.

Lovers of the picturesque, of course, cannot but regret the change. The cold grey or blue of slate forms a poor substitute for the pleasant yellow or rich, warm brown of the material which it has superseded. Something of the cosy snugness of the bird's nest was imparted to the aspect of the humblest cottage by its roof of straw. From the artistic point of view, nothing added so much to a rustic effect as the thatched cot nestling securely in its burnside nook or under its hazel coppice: and not a few pictures of rural scenes might be found to depend entirely for their charm upon this simple but characteristic detail. Regrets, however, are in vain. Straw-thatched roofs seem doomed to disappear from the landscape; and lovers of the picturesque, with the artists of the future, must perforce reconcile themselves to the absence of this.

Misgivings of still stronger force attend the threatened disappearance of another accustomed object of the countryside. Observant wanderers in rural districts cannot fail to have remarked the general decadence of hedges of all sorts which has been going on of late years. With the cheapening of wire-fencing, consequent upon improvements in the machinery of its production, there has come about a disinclination on the part of farmers to lay down new lines of thorn or beech. Even old hedges, as gaps occur in them, are seldom reinforced with young plants of their own kind. Instead of this, a post is generally driven in, or, as some followers of the hounds know too well, a line of wire is run through the branches, until the once thickest barrier becomes altogether nondescript. In this way, owing to the carelessness of proprietors and the reluctance of farmers to expend the care necessary for their proper upkeep, hedges promise to become fewer in the country. In view of the fact that rarely or never, now-a-days, is a newly-planted hedge to be seen, this result appears inevitable; and unless the owners of the soil, in whose hands the matter ultimately rests, can be convinced that it is their interest to encourage planting, lovers of rural pleasure may well regard the prospect with dismay. Only after the removal has happened will it become apparent how much enjoyment has vanished from the countryside with the disappearance of the hedgerow hawthorn-bloom of June.

This, of course, is not exactly the purpose for which hedges are planted, though it is the aspect of the subject most likely to appeal to popular thought. What the farmer and the proprietor have to consider is, whether hedge or wire costs least, and which of the two serves its purpose best. It is easy, however, to show not only that a hedge costs least by far to begin with, even when it has to be supplemented at first by a wooden fence, but that it outlasts every other kind of barrier, and is indeed, with due care, all but imperishable. While an ordinary wire fence may cost sixpence per yard at the start, the price of thorns is something under twopence; and though the quick-set hedge may seem to require more attention, in the way of pruning, this difference is more apparent than real, since wires have a knack of getting into disrepair; while the care spent upon the thorn is repaid by it in many ways. Probably the argument against the latter which is most cogent with farmers is that an overgrown hedge keeps the sunshine from ripening their crops; while in the matter of upkeep there is a superstition abroad that where gaps occur in a thorn hedge young plants of the same kind will not grow. But the fact is that gaps generally occur only through a failure of soil at the spot, and when this deficiency is remedied young thorns will thrive easily and fill the place. On the other count, the overgrowth of hedges is obviously a fault lying at the farmer's own door. All such objections are amply balanced by the effectiveness and longevity of the hawthorn. In the latter respect it equals the oak, the yew, and the box. At the abbey of Glastonbury there is



PICKINGS FROM THE POTTERIES.  
ELERS WARE.

It is hardly a matter for congratulation, that perhaps the best pottery made in England during the eighteenth century was the work of foreigners. Nevertheless, for perfection of potting, excellence of material, and daintiness of decoration, the ware manufactured by the brothers Elers in the closing decade of the seventeenth, and the opening year of the eighteenth centuries has never been surpassed. Even Josiah Wedgwood, despite his indomitable energy and great experience, was bound to acknowledge that his own imitation *rosso antico*, or red ware, was not equal to the productions of the Elers.

John Philip and David Elers came over from Holland and settled in Staffordshire at a most critical period in the history of English pottery; and their influence upon its subsequent development was no less remarkable than important. The Staffordshire potter was emerging from barbarism. His hand as yet hardly followed the intelligence of his brain; and the decorations and devices upon the tygs and slipware of his time were awkward and clumsy. There was, it is true, a sort of massive grandeur about these productions, but of daintiness not a trace. The new ware seemed to leap—Minerva-like—in full perfection from the heads of these masterly potters. Its extraordinary completeness of material and perfection of shape must have been bewildering to their neighbours; but a new stimulus was, nevertheless, given to the potting industry, which carried it onwards by leaps and bounds, as it were, towards the general perfection, which may be said to have culminated at the close of the century. The brothers, of whom John Philip was the potter, his brother David being merely the commercial partner of the firm, were the sons of a Burgomaster of Amsterdam, and were descended from a noble Saxony family. They came over to England some time about 1690.

They settled at first in London, and David opened an earthenware shop in the Poultry. Being potters, and Dutchmen, it is highly probable that they were in communication with Dwight, who was himself a Dutchman, and the leading potter of his day, far ahead in skill and scientific knowledge of any of his contemporaries in Staffordshire.

Whether acting on his advice or not, the brothers settled at Bradwell Wood, in Staffordshire, a place between Burslem and Wolstanton. Here they found a fine ochreous or ferruginous clay, which was exactly suited for making the ware with which their name is irrevocably associated, and which was, and is, so justly famous. How they discovered this clay we are not informed, but it was an important "find" for them, as their main object seems to have been to start a manufacture of red ware similar to that of Japan, the fashion of that day requiring the reproduction of Oriental bodies and design.

Bradwell Wood was, also, fortunately for them, an exceedingly lonely spot. In fact, its isolated position was the main reason of its selection, for all their operations were conducted with a secrecy which was entirely unprecedented in the district. They had no difficulty in obtaining labour, for hands, accustomed to the ordinary potters' work, were numerous; but the Elers took the greatest precautions that, save the barest drudgery, all the work should be done with their own hands. The clay was mixed in secrecy, its levigation being one of the great features in the new manufacture, and entirely novel both in idea and practice. A dull boy, or half-witted man, was employed to turn the wheel, while the master "threw" the ware. This sort of underhand secrecy of two foreigners naturally aroused the indignation of the neighbours, and the

Elers were highly unpopular. Their secret, too, was considered to be of more value than, perhaps, was really the case, on account of their strenuous endeavour to keep it to themselves. It is not to be wondered at that some of the more curious endeavoured to find it out.

A potter named Astbury, a shrewd, intelligent man, by feigning idiocy, got employment at the works, and remained there for two years without being discovered. His "splendid deceit" was rewarded in the end. The mixings of the clay, the method of fixing the designs, and many other secrets were mastered in that abject period. He then left the pottery, and set up for himself. But Astbury was no mere servile imitator, like the Palmers and Neales in the later Wedgwood days. He profited by the experience he had gained from his masters' methods, but he did not rest satisfied with these alone. He modified and amplified them, and ultimately succeeded in producing cheaper, and therefore more saleable, wares, besides inventing a rich glaze which is much admired. In fact, Astbury's ware is quite distinct from Elers' ware, and never confounded with it.

The ware manufactured by John Philip Elers—for henceforth we must consider David behind his counter in the Poultry—was red in colour and hard in texture, resembling, in fact, the red Oriental hard pottery which was at that period imported from the East. Elers called his ware "red porcelain," though this is scarcely correct, as it is undoubtedly earthenware, though very little removed from porcelain.

The great characteristic of the ware lies less in the excellence of its potting and finish, which at that period was remarkable, than in the decorations with which it was adorned. These were exceedingly quaint and original, and marked quite distinctly a new departure in pottery ornamentation and design. The piece was turned on the lathe after it had been "thrown," and was finished with the minutest care. Small lumps or "dabs" of clay were then stuck on to it. These "dabs" were stamped with little brass stamps, on which patterns of various kinds were cut in "intaglio." All the superfluous clay was then scraped away with a knife, leaving only, in bas-relief, dainty little forms of birds, or figures of men and women in Oriental costume, which were not, however, Oriental in character, so thoroughly English in style and feeling did this ware become. Festoons and garlands, produced by the same method, fell in graceful curves around the piece, which was then fired, and became ready for use. The ware was always, so far as is known, tea-ware only. No large or important pieces seem to have been manufactured. Tea was, at this time, worth a guinea a pound, and the silver, as well as earthenware, teapots of the period testify to the care with which it was used. Another strange fact about the Elers ware is that there is no piece in existence which has an unblemished pedigree, and of which it can be clearly and definitely stated that it was made by John Philip Elers.

No fragments have ever been found near Bradwell Wood. Pieces which a collector would swear were the work of none other than Elers, often bear a decoration, or representation, which relates undoubtedly to some later period. For example, there is a beautiful little specimen in the South Kensington Museum which seems to be without doubt made by Elers. The decorations represent a wedding of a King and Queen, with sceptres in their hands and Cupids hovering over their heads. But the fact of the letters "G. R." being stamped between the two figures have led Professor Church—a great authority on the subject—to the conclusion that it is the work of one of Elers' successors. It is not likely—argues Professor Church—that Elers turned out red china for more than twenty years, a

period extending from 1690 to 1710, and even if this tea-pot represents the marriage of George I. and not George II., as is usually supposed, the date could not be earlier than 1714, and the pottery works were abandoned in 1710. In the writer's opinion, it is quite possible that the tea-pot was made by J. P. Elers to celebrate the coronation of William and Mary. Elers came over with William, in his train, in 1688. One of the first events he would celebrate would be the accession of his distinguished countryman, and his Queen to the English throne. The two figures are seated opposite to one another, and, as already mentioned, two Cupids are respectively hovering around their heads in the act of crowning them. The love of William III. for his wife is well known to history, and it would be still better known to anyone among his retinue. The letters "G. R." stand equally for "Gulielmus Rex" and "Georgius Rex."

At any rate, the specimen in the South Kensington Museum is as good a specimen of Elers ware as anyone can require. This ware was not always decorated with devices. Sometimes a few lines, or flutes, were produced by the lathe, and the piece was then fired. One fact may be noticed in connection with the handles. So far as we can judge, no genuine Elers piece has any other than a plain handle. This monotony of design in one particular part of the ware, if not a blemish, shows a serious artistic deficiency; for the decoration on the little pieces is so dainty that the plain, round, unwieldy handle seems quite clumsy and inappropriate. The successors and imitators of Elers modified and decorated the handles with advantage to the pieces.

The clay of which the ware was made is so hard that it takes a polish from the lapidary's wheel similar to marble. A teapot in the writer's possession has been polished all over, till it resembles a light-coloured Oriental bronze. A floral pattern has been cut upon it in "intaglio," which resembles the work of a seal-cutter or die-sinker; so hard is the material, and so delicate the cutting.

The Elers used to sell their teapots at Dimsdale and London for a guinea to 25s. apiece, which was in those days a large price to pay for such articles of luxury; and this fact, coupled with that of their unpopularity in the neighbourhood, led to the abandonment of the works in 1710. J. P. Elers, who was now in reduced circumstances, then joined a glass manufactory in Chelsea, established in 1676 by some Venetians. Miss Metcalf, in her "Life of Wedgwood," says that he ultimately went to Dublin, where he opened a glass and china shop, and became very prosperous in business. Without claiming for J. P. Elers, as his son did for him in 1777, the honour of having been the first potter in England, and directing that under his portrait should be engraved, "Johannes Philippus Elers Plasticis Britannica Inventor," it is difficult to overrate the service he has done to the plastic arts. He did at the commencement of his century what Wedgwood at the close was unable to surpass; and while he based his work on the lines of the Oriental ware then in fashion, yet he endowed it with a dainty originality and quaintness which give it a place in the collector's cabinet as a thing *sui generis*, to be admired for its beauty, prized for its rarity, and loved for its mysterious birth and brief career.

T. T. G.

Mr. Seymour Wade, the exhibitors' representative and official agent for the Glasgow International Exhibition, has been entertained at a banquet in the Grand Hotel, Glasgow, and presented with a silver tea service, also a handsomely illuminated address, from "those for whom he has done business in connection with the Exhibition," as a token of their esteem.

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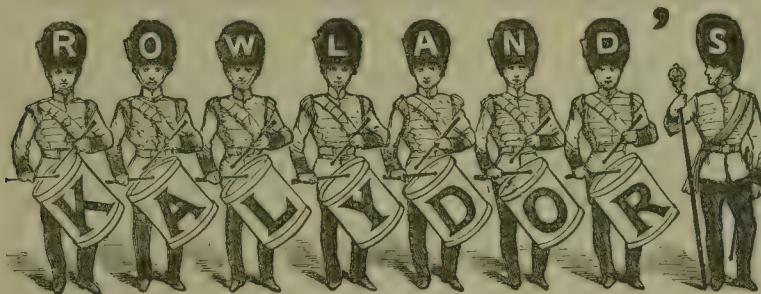
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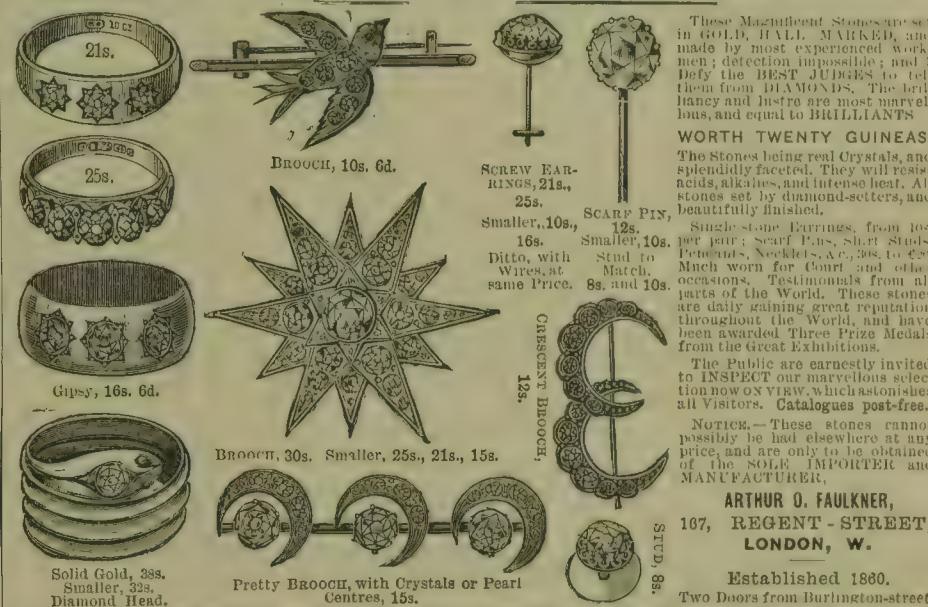
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 19, 1886), with three codicils (dated Jan. 20, 1887, and April 23 and 28, 1888), of Mr. David Spencer, late of the city of Coventry, woollen draper, who died on June 9, has been proved by Henry Scampton, Albert Samuel Tomson, and John Harrison, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £240,000. The testator bequeaths £20,000 to certain of the Aldermen and others of Coventry, upon trust, for the benefit of that town and the inhabitants thereof, in such a manner as his trustees may think proper; £2000 to the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital; £500 each to Mansfield Congregational College (Oxford), Cheshunt College, the Ladies' Lying-in Charity (Coventry), the Ladies' Union Lying-in Charity, the Ragged Schools (Coventry), the Industrial Schools for Girls, the Coventry Provident Dispensary, the Asylum for Idiots at Knowle, the Convalescent Home at Kenilworth, and the Hospital for Incurables at Leamington; £200 to the Coventry Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £250 to the Coventry District Nursing Association; and £1000 to the trustees of the Vicar-lane Chapel, in or towards the building of a new Congregational chapel; £6000 to his brother, Mark Spencer; £6000 each to his sisters Mrs. Hannah Hayward, Mrs. Eliza Adecock, and Mrs. Drusilla Mylne; £2000 to his sister Mrs. Mary Anne Stringer; £1000 each to his nephews, Thomas and William Spencer; £2200 to John Harrison; £1000 to Henry Scampton; £30,000 and all his household effects, pictures, plate, carriages, and horses to his niece, Tabitha Scampton; and many other legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of such part of his personal estate as may by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes, he leaves, upon trust, for the benefit of poor women of Coventry, for the erection of almshouses for their use, and for the payment to them of weekly sums. The ultimate residue of his property he gives to his said niece.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1888) of Mr. Thomas Gambier Parry, D.L., J.P., late of Highnam Court, Gloucestershire, who died on Sept. 28, was proved on Jan. 22 by the Ven. Francis Lear, Canon of Salisbury, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £164,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to his sons Charles Herbert Hastings Parry, Ernest Gambier Parry, and Sidney Gambier Parry; £1000 each to his daughters, Linda Isabel, Mary Beatrice, Hilda Katharine, and Mrs. Ethel Geraldine Parker; £100 each to his daughters-in-law, Lady Maud Parry, Mrs. Evelyn Parry, and Mrs. Clinton Parry; £100 to Durand Parker; £600 to his wife, upon trust, for his two grandsons, Owen and Noel; £300 to his executor; and many other legacies and specific gifts to his children, friends, and servants. He devises his Highnam Court estate, with the advowson of and the right of presentation to the Church of the Holy Innocents, Highnam, and all other his real estate, upon trust, to pay £400 per annum to Mrs. Clinton Parry, the widow of his eldest son, till her daughter shall attain the age of twenty-one, then she is to receive £300 and her daughter £100 per annum; £100 per annum for the education and advancement of his grandsons, and £1000 per annum for ten years, to be accumulated, and then paid to his said grandsons and, subject thereto, to his wife, for life, then to his son Charles Herbert Hastings, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively in tail. The residue of his personal estate is to follow the same trusts and provisions as those concerning his real estate.

The will (dated March 23, 1875), with a codicil (dated

April 17, 1885), of Mr. Laurence Peel, late of No. 32, Sussex-square, Brighton, who died on Dec. 10, aged eighty-seven, was proved on Jan. 26 by Laurence Charles Lennox Peel, C.B., and Lieutenant-Colonel Cecil Lennox Peel, the sons, and Lieutenant-Colonel George Grant Gordon, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £146,000. The testator bequeaths £25,000, one moiety of £25,000, £4166 13s. 4d., and £1225 to his son Cecil Lennox (but certain sums advanced to him are to be deducted therefrom); £20,000, the other moiety of £25,000, £4166 13s. 4d., and £1500, upon trust, for his daughter, Constance Augusta Lennox Peel; the remainder of a sum of £45,575, after deducting £8333 6s. 8d., to his son Laurence Charles Lennox; £100, upon trust, for Polly Reader, one of the inmates of the Orphan Asylum, Brighton; specific gifts of pictures, china, &c., among his family, and legacies to servants. He also gives all the pictures in the bed-room formally used by his daughter Constance before her marriage, to the Brighton Asylum for Poor Female Orphans; and also a sum of £500, upon trust, to apply the income thereof in holding two fêtes every year—one on New Year's Day and one on Aug. 8—to be called the "Lady Jane Peel's New Year's Fête" and the "Lady Jane Peel's Summer Fête"; £500 each to the Sussex or Brighton Hospital and the St. Mary's Hall, Brighton; and £250 to St. Mark's Schools, Brighton. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his eldest son, Laurence Charles Lennox, absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1886), with two codicils (dated April 11, 1887; and Nov. 14, 1888), of Mr. William Martin, late of Penleonard House, St. Leonard, Exeter, who died on Dec. 5, was proved on Jan. 17 by Mrs. Charlotte Elizabeth Martin, the widow, and Horace Gummer, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £72,000. The testator bequeaths £100 and his household furniture, pictures, jewels, &c., to his wife, and also the income of £5000 Canadian Stock, for her life, or widowhood; £4000 Stock to his daughter Helen Caroline Martin; 20,000 Indian Rupees Four and a Half per Cent Debentures, £2500 Stock, and £500 to his son William Robert Martin; £150 to each of his sisters, Mrs. Barbara Narraway and Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkinson; £150 per annum for each son and £120 per annum for each daughter who have attained the age of twenty-one, or married; and such a sum as his trustees shall think proper for the maintenance and education of his younger children. The residue of his property is to accumulate until his youngest child attains the age of twenty-one, when his wife (if unmarried) is to receive the income of a further sum of £1000, and the ultimate residue is to be divided between all his children.

The will (dated March 4, 1887), with a codicil (dated May 2, 1888), of James Horsey, late of "The Boulders," Quarr, near Ryde, Isle of Wight, who died on Dec. 3, was proved on Jan. 21, by Mrs. Ann Horsey, the widow, Joseph Horsey, the brother, and Thomas Alphens Buck, the executors; the value of the personal estate exceeding £35,000. The testator gives £600; and all his jewels, wines, plate, and household furniture to his wife; twenty shares in the Thames Steam-tug Company to his niece, Mrs. Mary Jane Wren; his shares in St. James's Hall to his niece, Mrs. Caroline Bolton; numerous shares in different public companies to his brother, Joseph Horsey; £25 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £50 to the Isle of Wight Infirmary, near Ryde; £250 to his sister, Mrs. Caroline Gelott; and very many small legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then as to £1000 to his

nephew, Henry Edward Horsey, and the ultimate residue to his nephew, Herbert Vaughan Horsey.

The will (dated May 6, 1880), with two codicils (dated Dec. 18, 1882; and July 21, 1885), of Mrs. Nancy Shaw, late of Wennington House, Twickenham, who died on Dec. 22, was proved on Jan. 9 by William Thomas Webb and John Challoner Covington Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to Mrs. James; £100 to her niece, Helen Challoner Hart; £50 each to Alice Smith and John Challoner Covington Smith; and other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves between the following ten persons, in equal shares—viz., Mrs. Elizabeth Dorothy Sanderson, Mrs. Mary Ann Faulkener Webb, her sister-in-law Sarah Hildyard, George Hildyard Blakeman, Walter Hildyard Todd, Emily Hitchin, Jessie Blakeman, Emily Blakeman, Lavina Blakeman, and John Challoner Covington Smith.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1871) of Mr. Charles William Johnson Archer, formerly of Uxbridge-road, and late of Ingleside, South Norwood, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Jan. 12 by Mrs. Arabella Jeans Archer, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to his children.

The will, translated from the Spanish (dated May 5, 1888), of Don Jaime Carbonell y Fusté, late of No. 5, Bon de la Plaza Nueva, Barcelona, Spain, who died on Oct. 6, was proved in London on Jan. 15 by Don Salvador Vidal y Largacha, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate in England exceeding £25,000. Subject to a small legacy to two of his friends, the testator leaves all his property, as to five eighths thereof, to Don Isidro Ramon Bastus y Marté; two eighths thereof, upon trust for his wife, Doña Maria y Ramon, for life, and then between his cousins, Don Juan y Fusté, Don Salvador y Carbonell, Don José Vidal y Largacha, and Don Rafael Fusté y Ramon; and the remaining one eighth to Don José Vidal y Largacha and Don Rafael Fusté y Ramon.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1887) of Mr. Edward Ralphs, late of Elm Bank, Stoke, Warwickshire, who died on Nov. 24, was proved at Birmingham on Dec. 19 by John Ralphs Willey and Richard Ralphs Willey, the nephews and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £23,000. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £120 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Ralphs, for life, to be reduced to £100 on her remarriage; the income of £2000 to his niece, Miss Mary Ann Ralphs; his house, Elm Bank, and the furniture and contents thereof to his nephew, John Ralphs Willey; and £4250, upon trust, for each of his nephews, John and Richard Ralphs Willey, for life; on their deaths, these two sums are to go to the following charities—viz., £1000 to the churchwardens of St. Michael's, Coventry, for the repair and maintenance thereof; £2000 to the Coventry and Warwick Hospital; £1000 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society and the London Church Missionary Society; and £500 to the Idiot Asylum at Knowle. The residue of his property he leaves to his said two nephews, absolutely.

The Kempton Park Great Champion Coursing Meeting concluded on Jan. 25, when Major H. Holmes's Puddletown beat Mr. A. Sidney's Pilate Black and won the Champion Stakes. For the City of London Stakes Jim o' the Hill and Miss Kitten, the winners of the fourth round, divided the stakes; and the Westminster Stakes were divided between Last of the Macs, John Scott, Edenshaw, and Miller's Rab.

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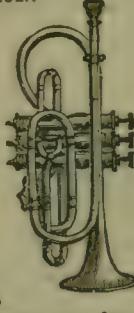
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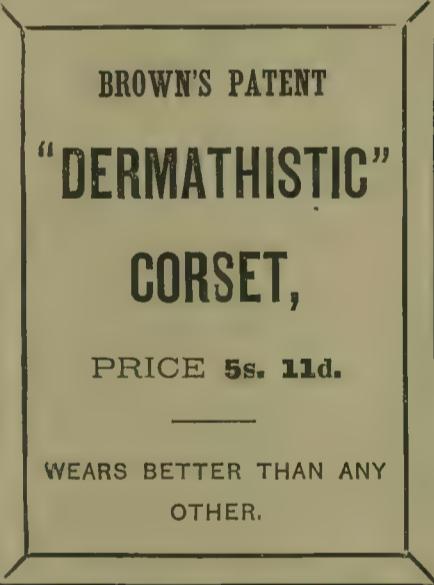
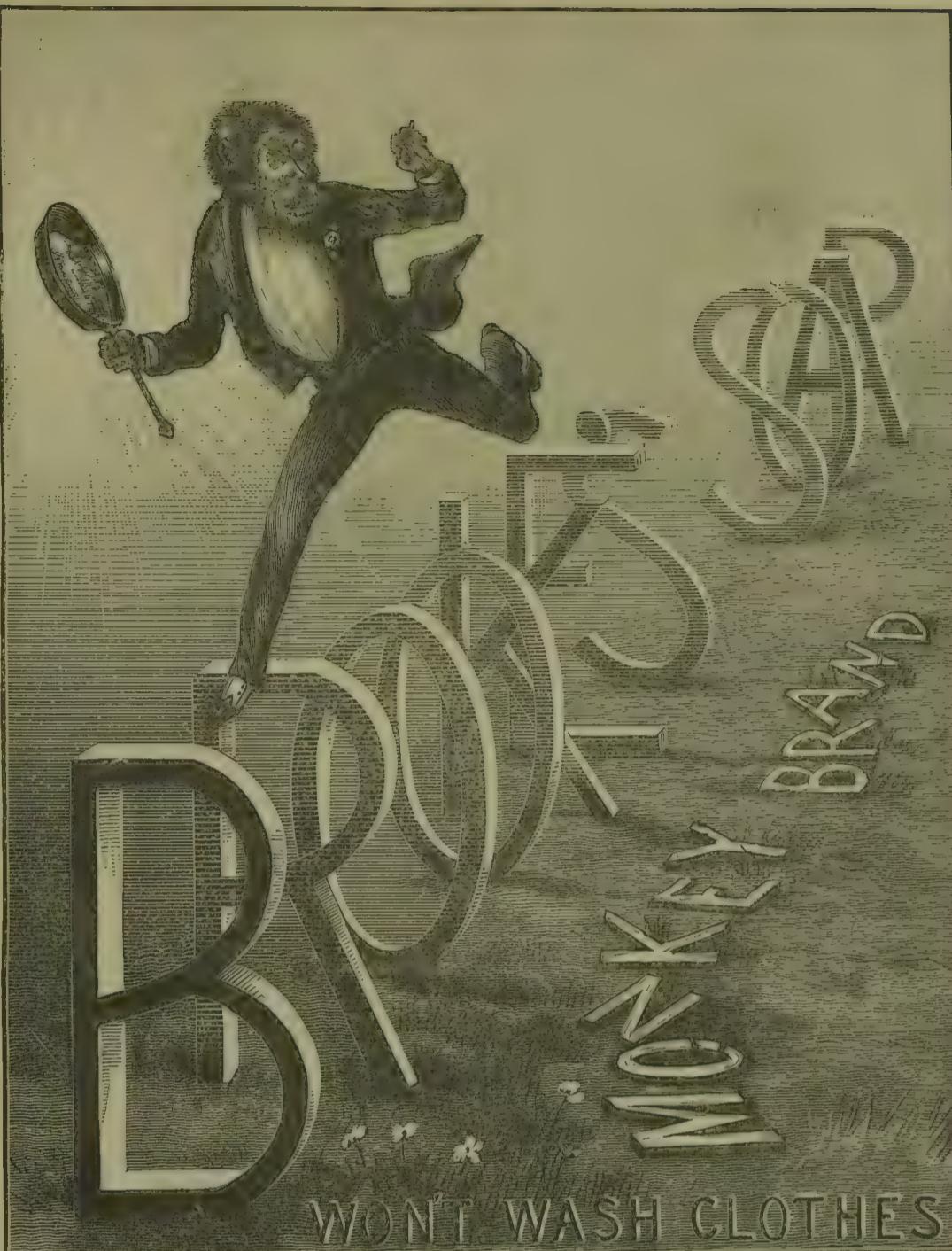
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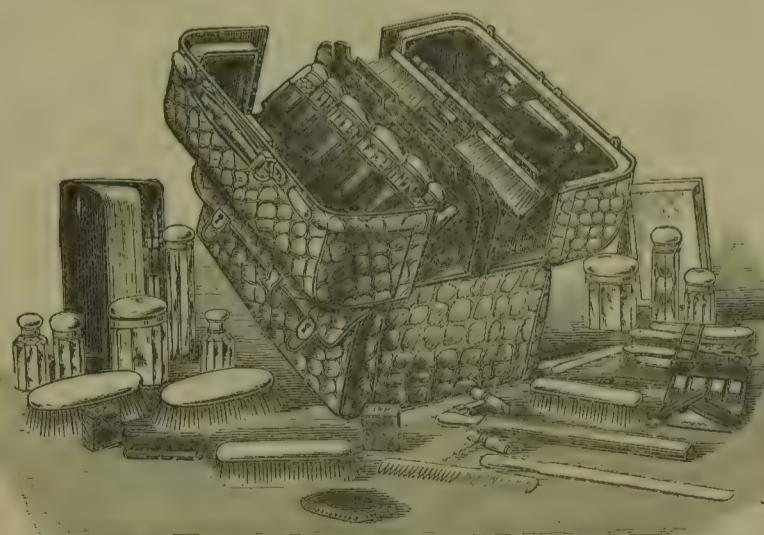
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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The marriage of the Prime Minister's third son, Lord R. Cecil, to the Earl of Durham's sister, Lady Eleanor Lambton, was one of the smartest events of its class that has been seen in town for a long time. The bride's dress was noticeably simple, but it suited her admirably. It was of thick white satin, not dead white, but that with such rich lights and shadows in its folds as Vandyke loved to paint, and that is called by us after his name. The only relief to the dress was a fichu garniture of mousseline-de-soie, and a strip of silver brocade let in down the front. The bride wore an unusual number of diamonds, her veil being fixed on with brilliant stars, and several brooches holding the drapery at the neck in position. The bride is a dark beauty, only twenty years old, and the red trimmings on the white silk dresses of her attendant maidens were not too garish for her complexion. The bridesmaids' colours ought to be chosen with some reference to the "leading lady's" tints. Who has not seen a poetically pale blonde "snuffed out," or, at all events, made to shine very dimly indeed, by an accumulation of overbright tints behind her figure? But a certain brilliance of background, against which she stands out like a jewel from its setting, thoroughly becomes the stronger tones of the brunette. The tale that was told last season of the impending disappearance of bridesmaids from fashionable weddings has been shown to have been a fiction. No bride of rank and beauty has yet gone to the altar in her wedding bravery unsupported by a prettily-gowned bevy of attendant maidens. On the other hand, child-bridesmaids are gaining in favour. Their pretty, light frocks prevent the bride from feeling entirely solitary in her white gown; and yet they do not crowd the space around her and conceal her splendour. Five of Lady E. Lambton's seven bridesmaids were children.

As coming events cast their shadows before, so in Paris fashions we behold what we shall be wearing next season. On the strength of my information from friends in Paris society, I told my readers a year ago that sleeves were to be a great feature of our gowns once more, and the prediction is now verified. As in the case of the best dresses at the Grosvenor private view, so at this smart wedding, full sleeves, or those in a different fabric or colour from the dress, were general, in so far as the costumes that looked new were concerned. As usual in companies where a large proportion of those present belong incontestably to "the highest society," a good many of the dresses were plain, and some were positively dowdy. One "great lady" wore a circular short mantle of shiny black silk, trimmed with gimp and fringe, that certainly must have been made before the bride was born! Lady Salisbury herself is never showily or stylishly dressed, and her dress of green-grey velvet with pale pink crêpe gathered front, and bonnet of the same velvet with a tiny pink tip by way of sole trimming, though becoming, was very quiet. Her eldest daughter wore a dress of dark red cloth, with revers, sash, and full sleeves of black moiré. A dark green cloth redingote had a full box of skunk round the neck, passing into a flat trimming of the fur from the bust downwards, and (here is the original part) a band of the same fur was laid along the sleeves from shoulder to wrist. A handsome dress had a plain petticoat of a very rich brocade, the ground a pinky grey, the flowers gold; over this came a polonaise of a very similar pink-grey shade of cashmere, the edge of it trimmed with clipped ostrich feathers of a more pronounced grey. The sleeves were full from shoulder to wrist, caught round in four places with narrow bands of the brocade. Most of the full sleeves, however, are a kind of modification of what our mothers used to

call the "gigot"; they are set in very wide at the shoulder and gradually narrow to the elbow, below which they are very much like the familiar coat-sleeve.

By the same rule of our following Paris from afar, it may be predicted that the next London season will bring us narrow, straight, demi-trained skirts and short-waisted bodices for evening gowns. The material for these must be of the richest, if they are to look nice, so that, though a comparatively small quantity of stuff is used, yet the expense of the dress is not lessened. The models on which, as I learn, the great Paris authorities are founding their best and newest evening gowns are rather *moyen âge* than pure "Empire." Girdles, high-puffed elbow or half-elbow sleeves, and bands of trimming of the richest passementerie, gold, silver, enamel, and coloured stones emulating jewels, are amongst the features of the style. One such gown, in splendid amber brocade, with a sash of paler yellow silk knotted far to the back at the left side, sash and bottom of skirt both being finished with silver fringe, has the wearer's monogram and coat-of-arms embroidered on the bodice in silver thread intermingled with imitation rubies. The bodice is quite plain, short-waisted, and fastened behind; no berthe or other trimming than the embroidered heraldic device and monogram appear on it. Floral designs are to be seen on most of the tulle, net, and mousseline-de-soie now used in Paris confections.

An English lady, the daughter of a deceased doctor long resident in Paris, has just passed a brilliant public examination there for her own medical degree. The arrangements of study and examination in Paris are very different from what they are in England. Here, a lady who proposes to enter the medical profession joins her own separate women's medical school in London or in Edinburgh; even at the hospital she does not meet students of the other sex; and her examinations, which are mainly written, are conducted by men, it is true, but are quite private. How different it is in Paris! There female students are admitted with male ones to the education provided by the State for its future physicians and surgeons; the students of both sexes "walk the hospitals" (attending patients of both sexes) side by side; and all the examinations, of which there are, I believe, five, are public and *virâ voce*! Not only the other students, but any curious persons of the outside world, may be present to hear the questions and answers; and Miss Edwards passed her final ordeal in the presence of a great concourse of spectators. It seems as if it must be a much more serious affair to become a doctor in Paris than in England; but several ladies of English and American birth have passed successfully.

When Miss Edwards had read her thesis or essay for the Doctor's degree, which was on a certain form of nervous disease, Dr. Charcot, the great authority on mental complaints, who was the chairman, congratulated her on her success. He said she had passed all her examinations in an exceptionally brilliant manner, but he did not quite see how she could expect to be rewarded for her able achievements. In other words, he calmly told her that she could not hope to get any practice. I mentioned this to one of the best-known of English lady doctors, and she said smilingly, "It is only too near the truth; we could most of us manage more practice than we get." I regretted to hear this statement; but does the fact mean that there is no demand for the services of women doctors on the part of patients? If so, it is useless for women to take up the profession. But it surely is not so. The crowded state of the Women's Hospital in Marylebone-road, which is officered by medical women, and the success of women doctors in America disprove that idea. I cannot but think that the real reason why English

women doctors do not meet with the success that American ones have achieved is because they all here require high fees. As far as I know, one and all of the registered medical women in England seek the status of consulting physicians, and will not take less than guinea fees when they are visited, or two guineas for visiting a patient. Now, the public that can afford to meet these terms for ordinary illnesses is, after all, a limited one. We want some women general practitioners, who will take fees at the same ratio as the "family doctor" of the middle-class household.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

## EAST AFRICA.

At a meeting of the Indian Section of the Society of Arts held on Jan. 25, Mr. H. H. Johnston, her Majesty's Consul at Mozambique, read a paper on the subject of "The Asiatic Colonisation of East Africa."—Major-General Sir Frederick Goldsmith took the chair. When the first traders from India established themselves in Zanzibar, the lecturer said it was difficult to ascertain, but they probably did settle there in any considerable numbers until the advent of the Portuguese, who opened up a lively intercourse between their possessions in East Africa and their settlements on the West Coast of India. That the Indians appreciated the advantages of Portuguese rule was apparent from the manner in which they appeared to have generally taken sides with the Portuguese against the Arabs. He could not but think that the well-marked Asiatic element in the civilised or semi-civilised population of the East Coast of Africa would have a very important part to play in its ulterior development, and as the large majority of these Asiatics were British subjects, they were a quite sufficient excuse for the keen interest which England took in the political future of the Zanzibar dominions. The commerce of Zanzibar, until recently flourishing, had been almost entirely built up by their energy and industry, though they had been aided no doubt by enjoying the *egis* of the British Empire. There was good reason to hope that British East Africa, owing to the policy of the new British chartered company, would become the granary, the market for the manufactures, and the home for the overflow population of British India.

Viscountess Ossington has given £500 to the Convalescent Home Fund in connection with the Chelsea Hospital for Women in the Fulham-road.

Captain H. M. Jones, V.C., her Majesty's Consul-General at Philippiopolis, has been appointed her Majesty's Minister-Resident and Consul-General at Bangkok.

Princess Christian gave a free dinner to about 250 poor children at the Windsor Guildhall on Jan. 25, the fare consisting of pea soup, bread, and rice pudding. The Princess, the Mayor and Vicar of Windsor, Alderman Lunday, the Rev. Arthur Robins, and several ladies assisted in serving.

Lord Wolseley gave his presidential address to the members of the Harborne and Edgbaston Institute, in the Townhall, Birmingham, on Jan. 25. Mr. Chamberlain, who occupied the chair, spoke of the necessity for drawing more closely the ties which united us with kindred races and with nations that owned our rule. Lord Wolseley spoke strongly in favour of a system of physical training being given to the youth of the country, and he said a great war-cloud was hanging over Europe, and when it burst the question was, Could we keep out of it, or, if not, could we hold our own? He did not think either our Army or our Navy strong enough to protect our great and widespread interests, and urged more attention to the duty of strengthening both.

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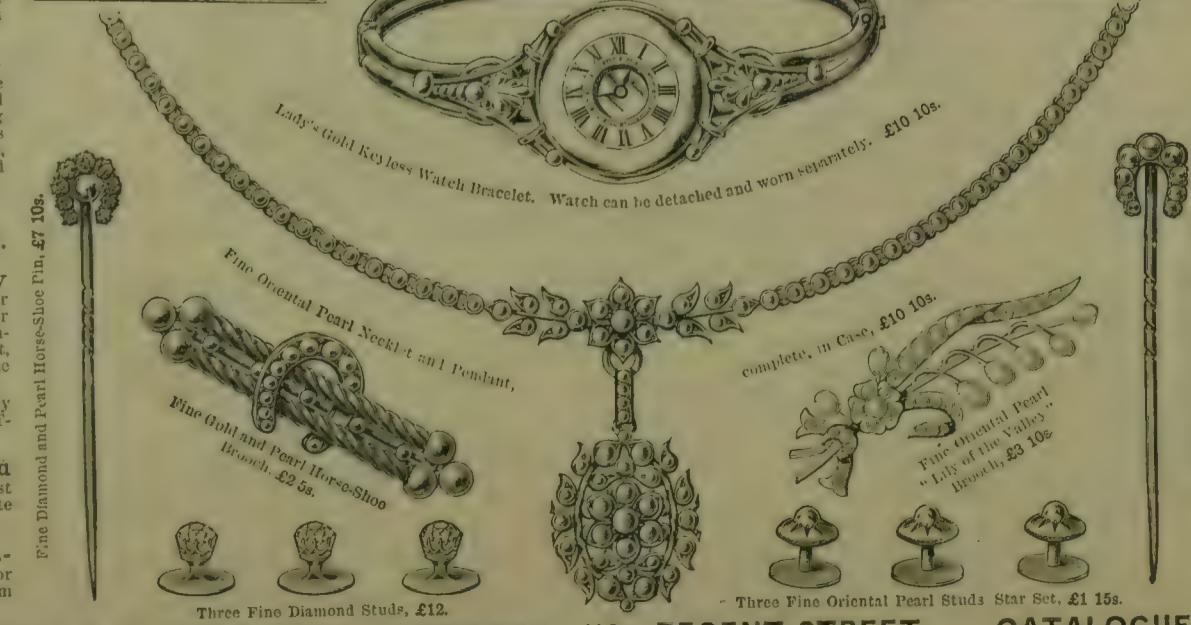
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## TABLE LINENS.

## TABLE LINENS.

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## SHEETINGS.

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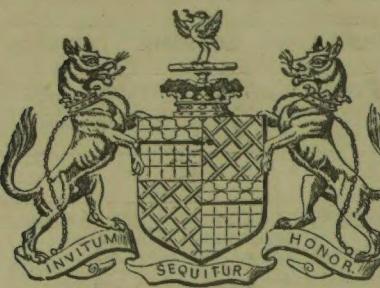
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MARQUIS OF DONEGALL.

The Most Honourable and Very Reverend



Edward Chichester, Marquis and Earl of Donegall, Earl of Belfast, Viscount Chichester and Baron of Belfast, in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Fisherwick of Fisherwick, in the county of Stafford, in that of Great Britain, died on Jan. 20, at St. Leonards. His Lordship, the head

second son of Arthur, sixteenth Viscount Dillon, an only surviving son, now Sir George Egerton Dashwood, sixth Baronet, late Captain Scots Guards, born in 1851; married, in 1875, Lady Mary Seymour, youngest daughter of Francis, fifth Marquis of Hertford, and has issue.

## THE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.

The Right Rev. Joshua Hughes, D.D., Bishop of St. Asaph, died at Cirencester, on Jan. 21, after a lingering illness. He was born in 1807, the son of Mr. C. Hughes, of Newport, in the county of Pembrokeshire; was educated at St. David's College, Lampeter, where he graduated first class in final examination; and was successively Minister of St. David's, Carmarthen; Vicar of Abergwili and of Llanدواvery; Rural Dean, Surrogate, and Proctor in Convocation for the diocese of St. David's. He was consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph in 1870. His Lordship married, in 1832, Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas McKenny, Ullard and Mount Rothe, in the county of Kilkenny, and widow of Captain William Gun, and leaves issue. His eldest son, Thomas McKenny, is Professor of Geology at Trinity College, Cambridge.

## SIR GEORGE O'DONEL, BART.

Sir George Clendining O'Donel, fifth Baronet, of Newport House, in the county of Mayo, died on Jan. 22, at Norwood. He was born June 15, 1822, the elder son of Sir Richard Annesley O'Donel, fourth Baronet (whose grandfather was created a Baronet of Ireland, Dec. 2, 1780), by Mary, his wife, third daughter of Mr. George Clendining, of Westport, and succeeded his brother, Nov. 9, 1878. He was formerly Lieutenant in the 62nd Foot, was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for Mayo, and served the office of High Sheriff for that county in 1857.

Sir George, who was knighted as the eldest son of a Baronet, in 1865, married June 29, 1865,

Mary Ann Williams, youngest daughter of Mr. Edward Cobb, of Arnold, in the county of Kent.

## SIR HENRY DASHWOOD, BART.

Sir Henry William Dashwood, fifth Baronet, of Kirtlington Park, in the county of Oxford, whose death is just announced, was born Oct. 17, 1816. He was the eldest son of Sir George Dashwood, fourth Baronet, by Marianne Sarah, his wife, eldest daughter of Sir William Rowley, second Baronet, of Tendring Hall, in the county of

Suffolk, was educated at Harrow and at Oxford University, and succeeded to the title on his father's death, Sept. 22, 1861. He was formerly Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Oxfordshire, of which county he served the office of High Sheriff in 1867. He contested unsuccessfully Oxford, in the Liberal interest, in 1861. Sir Henry, whose baronetcy was created Sept. 16, 1864, married Sept. 18, 1845, Sophia, only child of the late Mr. John Drinkwater, of Sherborne House, in the county of Warwick, and leaves, with four daughters (the eldest of whom, Ellen, is wife of the Hon. Conrad Dillon,

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—MACBETH. Every Evening, at 7.45. Overture, 7.40.—Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 a.m. Seats also booked by letter or telegram. Carriages, 11.—LYCEUM.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD.—TODAY, at EIGHT, SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. Miss KATE VAUGHAN (especially engaged) as Miss Hardcastle; Mr. LIONEL BROUAS as Tony Lumpkin. Followed by the Monologue HOW IT HAPPENED, in which Miss Vaughan will dance. Mr. Mansfield is ordered by his physician to cease work for a time. Upon his return to this theatre Shakespeare's tragedy, RICHARD III., will be played.

MR. E. D. PRICE, Manager.

ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART.—Exhibition of Portraits, Miniatures, and Personal Relics connected with the ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART. Under the Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen. Open daily from Ten till Seven. Admission, One Shilling; Season Tickets, Five Shillings. NEW GALLERY, Regent-street.

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CASTELLAMARE.—Hôtel Quisiana. Dombred CANNAYALE, who escaped destruction by the fall of the Hôtel Piccola Sentinella at Casamicciola, from the earthquake, hope to see the old clients at Castellamare.

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Mr. William Maunsell Hennessy, Deputy Keeper of the Records in Ireland, one of the most distinguished of Celtic scholars, died on Jan. 13, aged sixty. He was born at Castlegregory, in the county of Kerry, and, by his learning and ability, worked his way to a foremost place among the literati of his time. He edited for the Rolls series the "Chronicon Scotorum" and "The Annals of Loch Key," as well as "The Annals of Ulster," on which he was engaged at the period of his death.

## MR. STEWART MENZIES, M.P.

Mr. Robert Stewart Menzies, of Hallyburton, in the county of Forfar, and of Pitcur, in the county of Perth, M.P. for the latter county, died, at 55, Upper Brook-street, W., on Jan. 25. He was born in 1856, the eldest son of the late Mr. Graham Menzies, of Hallyburton and Pitcur, J.P. and D.L., by Beatrice,

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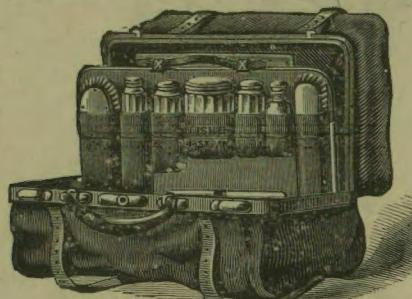
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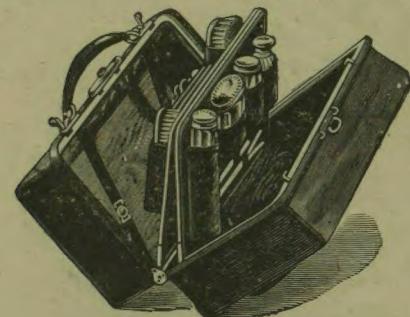
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